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CONTEMPLATIO
Mortis,
&
Immortalitatis.

The former Papers not intended to the Preſſe.
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CONTEMPLATIO MORTIS, ET IMMORTALITATIS.

PHILOSOPHERS, STATESMEN, and DIVINES doe all hold, that in this world, there are but *tria genera vitæ; una est ACTIVA, altera CONTEMPLATIVA, tertia VOLVPTVARIA.*

Which of these is best, *Quæritur.*

Actio Contemplationis expers, is *vita impolita*; Contemplation, if it take up all a mans time, makes *vitam sterilem.*

Voluptuaria vita, though it bee not *otiosa*, because it is in *actu*, yet it is but *desidiosa occupatio.*

Amongst these, who so tries all, as I have done, shall find, that action profits most, but Contemplation pleases best: specially that which indebts a man to action. Other Contemplations have *generationem longam, fruitionem brevem*, are so much in thinking, as they seldome come to enjoying; alwayes in conceit, never in act.

Man was not made for contemplation onely, his part is to doe as well as understand: In earthly things to be an actor, of heavenly things to be a Spectator. Therefore his felicity consists neither in rest nor action, but in a fit mixture of both.

The Counsellor saith, A Statesman should be thus repartited; his will to God, his love to his master, his heart to his Countrey, his secret to his friend, his time to businesse.

It is true, retirednesse is more safe than businesse; *Periclitatur enim anima in negotiis.* And yet the lesse you

you doe, the more you ſuffer. But as he is not happy that is alwayes buſie ; So a publique man ſhould not alwaies be ſhut up in thoughts pleaſing his life in the ſweetneſſe of thinking.

True Contemplation hates idle Speculation. To be alwayes, or never alone, is idleneſſe. But

The delight of thoughts, and vertue of Contemplation lyes in the right choyce of a good ſubject to contemplate : For every knowing man is ſo inquiſitive by nature, and of ſo buſie a fancy, as in this it is happy for him to fall upon that ſubject which is fitteſt for him.

Some ancient Fathers, and ſome late Writers have fixed upon the love of God ; Some upon the paſſion of Chriſt ; Some upon the joyes of heaven ; ſome upon contempt of the world ; ſeverall others upon divers other ſubjects ; All opining, that ſome one is to be choſen. For who ſo will *vivere ſibi*,

sibi, must *vacare Deo*. And a wise man saith, *Sapientia scribenda est in Tempore otii*; *Qui minoratur actu*, He cannot tend it.

Ego in meo solito recessu à negotiis publicis vacans, (which was but seldome) found it fruitfull, usefull, and delightfull,

Cogitare de Novissimo.

Quatuor sunt Novissima, say the Fathers; Heaven and Hell, Death and Iudgement.

All subjects large enough.

But considering I had passed so much imployment, so many offices, so long practice in severall professions, (as every publike man is owing his abilities, cares and yeares to the service of his master.) I now thought it time to seize on death before it seized on me.

After long Meditation this I found, that when Meditation had begot-

begotten devotion, then it applied it ſelfe to contemplation, which required a ſettlement upon ſome Divine Object.

And what more heavenly than the thought of Immortality? what ſo neceſſary as the thought of death? Herein therefore I complyed with my owne deſires, and made choyce of Death and Immortality for the ſubject of my Contemplation.

Meditation, I ſaw, was but a reiterated thought, proper to production of good or evill; but Divines doe well dedicate Contemplation to holy Myſteries onely.

We meditate to know God, we contemplate to love God: when God himſelfe had ſeene the things created in ſeverall pieces, he ſaid, They were good:

But when hee conſidered the univerſe, as it were in Contemplation, then he ſaid, Loe, they were exceeding good. For Meditation conſiders her objects piece by

piece, but Contemplation ſummes them all together, and ſees, as in a groſſe, all the ſeverall beauties of Meditations Objects.

Meditation is with a man, as hee that ſmells the Violet, the Roſe, the Jeſſamie, and the Orenge flowers dividually. (My Meditations of the Lord are ſweet of themſelves, ſaith *David*) but Contemplation is a water compounded of them all.

This is more elegantly denoted in the *Canticles*, where the Spouſe plaits up her haire, truſſing it up in one knot, to ſhew that wee ſhould not diffuſe our thoughts into variety of conſiderations, but recollect them into one by Contemplation. Herewith a mans ſoule being once affected, hardly ſhall hee obtaine leave of his thoughts to returne againe to imployments.

Et ne ego multis occupatus, mihimet ipſi manerem incognitus: (for the old word is a true one) *nil*

proſunt

prosunt lecta nec intellecta, nisi teipsum legas & intelligas.

I therefore applyed my selfe *ad meum Novissimum, What man liveth, and shall not see death?* And if after death, *Justus vix salvabitur*, wee may well be fearefull, and had need be carefull that wee bee not taken unprepared.

Ite imparati in paratum,

Will one day bee a dolefull saying.

When I was a young man, saith *Senec.*, my care was to live well, I then practised *Artem bene vivendi.* When age came upon mee, I then studied *Artem bene moriendi*; how to dye well.

It is true, *Iter vitæ occupatis non apparet nisi in fine.* Yet when I was *occupatissimus, hoc me dulci oblectabam solatio, aliquando me victurum mihi*; hoping to have sweet leisure to enjoy my selfe at last.

And this I am now come to.

Disponendo, non mutando me.

The covenant of the grave is shewed to no man, saith the Wiseman, but the watch-word is given to all men.

Sint lumbi præcincti,

Lucernæ ardentes,

Semper vigilantes.

Lord, let mee be found in this posture, when I shall be to dye.

In the courses of my life I have had interchanges; the world it selfe stands upon vicissitudes: *Adversis & Prosperis contexuit Deus vitam meam:* When I first tooke me to a gowne, I put on this thought, *fortunam ut togam appeto, non longam sed concinnam,* Fit for my condition; finding by others, that a contented kinde of obscurity kept a man free from envy: although any kinde of superiority be a marke of Envy; yet not to bee so high, as to provoke an ill eye, nor so low

low as to be trodden on, was the height of my ambition. But I must confesse I have since had a greater portion of the worlds favour, than I looked for: *Attamen ego nunquam fortunæ credidi, etiamsi videretur pacem agere.*

To check repining at those above me, I alwayes looked at those below mee; Nor did any preferments so delight me, or abuse mee, as to make mee neglect preparing for my dying day.

And now, I thanke God, I can say,

Domine, paratum est cor meum.

This I have considered, That, *Guttatim per horas & dies fluit vita:* And although the houre bee not past till all the glasse bee runne,

Et nemo multum ex Stillicidio potest perdere;

Yet the glasse then runnes most saintly,

faintly, when it drawes neareſt to effluxion. Carefull *Martha* was full buſie about many things, but was well adviſed; There was only *unum neceſſarium:*

One thing have I deſired of the Lord, that I may dwell in his houſe for ever.

This was *Davids unum*, and, God willing, ſhall be mine.

Phyſicians exclaime, *Vita brevis, Ars longa:* But Divines teach, *Ars optima eſt, vivendo diſcere artem bene moriendi.*

If this be to be begunne when *præ foribus mors eſt*, Then the Sinſicke Soule will ſay, *Infælix ego homo, quis me liberabit à corpore mortis hujus!* But if thou haſt learned it betimes, it will then rejoyce to ſay,

Mihi vivere Chriſtus eſt, & mori lucrum:

Welcome death more bleſſed than my birth.

I have ever thought the right way to dye well, was, to live well: And the way to live well in the world, was to dye betimes to the world.

Mihi Mundus Crucifixus, & ego Mundo, yet I found it *Rem difficilem in mundo vivere, & mundi bona contemnere.* Therefore for assistance I tooke to mee these three Coadjutors, *Faith, Hope, Charity; Caritatem ex Corde puro, Spem ex conscientia bona, Fidem non fictam:* And for my soules health often used this preparative,

Examen Conscientiæ meæ.

Nam quicunque cordi habet salutem suam, let him every day, *Manè & vesperè*, examine his heart, *quid, nocte vel die præcedente*, Hath hee thought, Hath hee said, Hath hee done, *Et in quo peccati labem invenerit*, let him mend it; *cum proposito efficaci, simili non peccare.*

This

This, if it be done daily, I dare boldly say, *Vix fieri poterit ut quis moriendo peccet, aut peccando moriatur*, by dying, or dye sinning. *Inter* these thoughts, I had these things in Contemplation.

1. *First, what Death was, and the kindes of Death.*

2. *Secondly, what feares or joyes Death brings.*

3. *Thirdly, when Death is to bee prepared for, and how.*

4. *Fourthly, Death approaching, what our last thoughts should be.*

Of these things I thus resolved,

THat DEATH was but a fall which came by a fall. Our first framed father *Adam* falling, in him

him wee all fell. It was not the man, but mankinde. *Cecidimus omnes*, ſaith S. *Bernard*, *ſuper acerbum lapidem in luto, unde inquinati & vulnerati ſumus.* Therefore we needed water in Baptiſme to waſh us, Bloud in the Euchariſt to heale us. Natures perfection caught a fall when ſhee was young, as *Mephiboſheth* did, whereof ſhe hath halted ever ſince.

This falling ſickneſſe infected not onely the perſon, but the nature, (ſuch is the infection of evill, alwayes worſe than the act) making man, that was immortall, ſubject to death.

Heu triſtis & lacrymoſa mutatio!

Notwithſtanding, as wee now ſtand, the fault is ours, if that fall bee not our riſe; The advantage wee have by *Chriſt* being more than the loſſe wee had by *Adam*. Man that had cauſe to ſorrow that he was man, may now be holily

holily proud of his condition; and as hee is in Christ, not to change the Man for the Angell.

Proud Nature would faine reaſpire to that it was. *Ideò qui ſtat, videat ne cadat.* For relapſe may turne us againe to be as Birds and Beaſts, who have no joy but being, no ſorrow but dying. Mans better being is by dying; for when man had made himſelfe miſerable by ſinning, Mercy made us mortall; *Ne in æternum eſſemus miſeri.* Therefore wee have reaſon to account Mercy, as it releeves miſery, to bee the beſt vertue, though it worke upon the worſt object.

Miſericordia vicina eſt miſeriæ.

What Death is.

IF wee conſider Death aright, *It is but a departed breath from dead earth, inlivened at firſt by breath*

ceaſt

caſt upon it. *Mors Tinea eſt*, ſaith *Job*; *ex veſte oritur Tinea, ex corpore mors.*

It is but a point of time interjected betwixt two extremes; A parentheſis, which interpoſed breakes no ſenſe, when the words meet againe. When *Seneca* was asked, *Quid eſt mors?* he anſwered, *Aut finis eſt, aut tranſitus.* The Emperour *Adrian* was told, *Mors eſt æternus ſomnus, divitum pavor, pauperum deſiderium.* *Plato* ſaid it was, *lex naturæ, tributum mortalium.* One tearmes it to be but the ceſſation of the Soules functions. O, ſaith Saint *Auſtine, that I could ſee Death*, not as it was, but as thou, Lord, haſt now made it! As it hath the dominion of ſinne, it is the greateſt Monarch, and the ancienteſt King of the world. *Death hath reigned from Adam to Moſes*, ſaith Saint *Paul*, yet at laſt this King ſhall bee conquered, *The laſt enemy to be deſtroyed, is death. O Death, I will bee thy death*, ſaith Chriſt.

The

The nature of Death.

WHat is the nature of it, few know, though all ſhal feele it. But that muſt needs be nothing that hath no cauſe efficient, but deficient: *Poſt mortem nihil eſt, ipſaque mors nihil.* It hath no eſſence, it is no ſubſtance, but privation; no creature, but *creaturarum ſepultura.* Therefore curiouſly to ſearch the efficient of it, were to labour the eye to ſee darkneſſe. *God made it not,* ſaith the booke of *Wiſedome, nor is it mentioned as any of his workes.* God that made all things, ſaw that all things which he had made were good. *Omne ens bonum, & omne bonum eſt ens.* Therefore good Saint *Auguſtine* ſaid finely, *Lord, thou haſt not made death; wherefore, I beſeech thee, ſuffer not that which thou haſt not made, to reigne over that which thou haſt made.*

made. Yet it is no error to ſay, that man made death for Curioſity (the itch of mans ſoule) affecting to know that which God never made (which was the evill of death) thinking it had bin good to know evill, by deſiring to know it, made it. *Malum non dignoſcitur niſi per bonum.*

He that knew all other things, knew not this one thing, that hee knew enough. But ſo divine a thing is knowledge, (which is not given to keepe, but to impart) that we ſee Innocency it ſelfe was ambitious of it.

Life did not content (that was thought but the act of knowledge) knowledge was the life the ſoule looked at. And that as yet begets a ſtudious ſcrutiny to diſcover things wee can never know. By which we ſee, that although nature her ſelfe be moderate in her deſires, yet conceit is unſatiable: nevertheleſſe, no man knowes ſo much but it is through ignorance that he

he doth ſo ill; *nam nemo ſciens malus*, and as one ſaith well, there is now no feare of knowing too much, but there is much feare of practiſing too little. Since God hath revealed more than wee can know, enough to make us happy, let us learne ſober knowledge, and contented ignorance. Knowledge and Power are the naturall mans God; but know thy ſelfe, O man, and then be proud if thou canſt.

The Author of Death.

WHo then was the Author of Death? *Sol in cœlo, Sal in terra:* the two great regents, one in Heaven, the other on earth, yet neither of theſe produced it: who ever was the Father of it, Sinne was the mother; for ſaith Saint *James, Sinne being finiſhed*, travaileth in child-birth like a mother to *bring forth Death*. *Adam* falling, Sinne

Sinne followes him. Man being tempted, Death attempts him, and by Sinne death enters.

Good S. *Auſtine* puts the Devil this queſtion, *Satan, quare invidiſti homini ſtanti, te cadente?* Death had no intereſt in man till ſinne had diſpoſſeſſed him of the freehold he had in God. *There was no truſt in Gods ſervants*, ſaith *Eliphaz*, but even Angels were charged with folly.

Therefore doe the Devill right, he did but perſwade, not compell: it was in mans choyce to ſtand or fall.

Adam acceperat poſſe quod vellet, non velle quod poſſet. Nos accepimus & poſſe quod volumus, & velle quod poſſumus; Ille poſſe non mori, nos non poſſe mori. Sic Auguſtinus.

Power of ſtanding, man had from God, but poſſibility of falling from himſelfe. Therefore though wee may thanke our firſt parents for our birth, ſinne; yet wee may thanke our ſelves for improving

improving it. Wherefore the old *Letanie* ſaid well, *A me ſalva me, Domine.*

All mans vertues were given him but in truſt, and under a condition; hee abuſed the truſt, and brake the condition, ſo incurred the penalty. Such is mans nature, ever ſubject to extremitie, either dull in want, or wanton in fruition. *Ne morienini* was a faire warning, but he cared not for it. With men counſels are like faces, that which is faire, pleaſes. But had the minde governed the eye, the Apple could not have beguiled, though it was faire to looke to. The proud aſpiring thought was hatcht in man, The Divell was the promooter, Sinne was the author, and we being partners in the ſinne, ſhared in the puniſhment. *Facinus, quos inquinat, æquat.*

Sith then Death by ſinne ſtole in at the window; (for the eye, that ſenſe of love, alwaies recoyles upon the heart, when it beholds that

that which is pleaſing) or rather at the eare, which is apt to liſten to ill counſell;

Let us caſt out ſinne by the eares, the ſenſe of faith, in harkening to Gods Word, the Word of life, the life of Death.

The name of Death.

FOr the name of Death, Saint *John* calls it a ſleepe: *Amicus noſter Lazarus dormit.* Of Saint *Stephen* it was ſaid, *When hee had thus ſpoken,* he *ſlept.* The *Patriarks* and Kings of Judah are ſaid to *ſleepe with their Fathers.* *Man,* ſaith *Job, lyeth downe and riſeth not.* Hee ſhall not bee awaked out of his ſleepe till the heavens bee no more. *Tranſitum ad vitam aliqui appellant mortem,* ſaith S. *Bernard. Sed ideo ſcriptura dormientes appellat, ut evigilaturos minimè deſperemus:* He is not dead, ſaith *David,* but

but ſleepeth, whoſe fleſh doth reſt in hope.

Death is but a dormitory for a day. Saint *Pauls* myſtery is, *Wee ſhall not all ſleepe, but we ſhall all be changed.* The night ſavours of mortality, and ſleepe, that *Mors brevis*, is but the ſhadow of death; and where the ſhadow is, the body cannot bee farre off; *Umbra fugit ſequentem, ſequitur fugientem. Acquiritur terra procumbentibus.*

Well ſaid Saint *Auguſtine*, *In vita vigilant juſti, ideo in morte dicuntur dormire.*

When God made a helper unto man, hee ſent a ſleepe upon him. *Somnium ægrotantium, ut novimus, ſalutis eſt indicium.* It is Chriſts ſaying, If he ſleepe he ſhall doe well.

But let it be *Mors à morſu* which our firſt parents taſted, or *Mors à mora*, which yet tarries for us all, let her be ſtiled Lady, Miſtreſſe of the world, that will not bee courted, nor yet caſt off: Yet is

ſhee

ſhe but *vox tantum*, a thing next to nothing, *ſolo timenda ſono.*

Better is it called a transfiguration, or tranſmigration, from life by death to life againe: *Exitus, non Tranſitus; Tranſitus quem ire non intelleximus, tranſiſſe ſentimus.*

The Grave is but a with-drawing roome to retire in for a while, a going to bed to take reſt ſweeter than ſleepe. And when it is time to riſe, *Cum expergiſcar*, *Then ſhall I bee ſatisfied*, ſaith the Prophet *David.*

Death common to all.

IN the meane time it is common to all. *Mors etiam ſaxis nominibuſque venit.* All men muſt pay this debt to Nature, though they cannot pay their creditours: and it is a favour afforded by Nature, *Quod graviſſimum fecit, fecit commune; ut crudelitatem fati conſola-*

retur æqualitas. Who lives and ſhall not ſee death?

The Fathers have eaten Manna, and are dead. Nay, even *Chriſt* himſelfe, *being found in faſhion as a man, humbled himſelfe, and became obedient to death.* It is as naturall to dye, as to be borne; yet when we ſay a man dyes naturally, we ſpeak improperly; for a man dyes not as a beaſt, *per annihilationem Naturæ*, but *per ſtatutum*; *Statutum eſt omnibus ſemel mori*: Diſeaſe and Death know no faces. It is the municipall Law of the earth, to dye once; of Heaven, to live ever; of Hell, to dye for ever. *Orimur, Morimur*: Like *Jonas* Gourd, wee come in a night, and are gone in a night: We come into the world with a ſheet about us, no ſooner borne, but going to bee buried. *Seneca* ſayes truly, wee are borne crying, we live laughing, and dye ſighing.

For all this man is even with Death. *Nunquam enim magnis ingeniis*

geniis chara in corpore mora eſt: The good ſoule *egrè fert has anguſtias.* Therefore what great thing doth death in haſtening dayes? This ſhewes infirmitie, rather than power. Age doth more; *Nil enim non longa demolitur vetuſtas*; Death onely ſhortens time, not life: for lifes time ſhortens by lengthening. *Morimur, quod mortibus vivimus: morieris, non quia ægrotas, ſed quia vivis.*

But this all men are to know,

That *Mortis meritum* is *Peccati debitum*; both impoſed on man for ſinne.

Life but a dying Death.

SIth then it is a ſtatute made in Heaven, *Omnibus ſemel mori*, and that life is ſo momentany, death ſo certaine; *Splendemus licèt, Heu quàm cito frangimur, corpora vitrea!* Man, ſaith the Prophet *Je-*

remy, fades like a leafe, and ſinne like a wind takes him away. Since life it ſelfe is no true living, but a dying being, and ſuch a being as every day pants for breath, which Nature fannes upon it for a while: And ſince death is no death, but a going unto Heaven, and Heavens comming unto us, *abitus non obitus*: How can a man but thinke it a well-ſpent life, alwayes to bee meditating upon Death?

But, ſaith *Zenophon*, *Cur vitam contemnendam putas, & habes?* I will not enquire, nor require more of Death but Death. *Erras enim qui interrogas, Quid ſit mors, & propter quod mortem petam? Quæris enim aliquid ſupra ſummon?*

Life

Life after Death.

BUt if a man dye, ſhall he live againe? yes, ſaith Saint *Paul*, *We that are in this Tabernacle, ſigh, and are burthened, becauſe wee would not be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be ſwallowed up of life.*

Phœnix ſponte crematur,

Ut redeat, proprioque ſolet pubeſcere letho.

Sic tu corpus coactum.

Diſcere, mutata melior procede figura.

The brighteſt dayes dye into dark nights, but riſe againe a mornings: Though the body ſleepe a while in duſt, yet ſhall it riſe again

after thy likeneſſe. The ſoule which *departed for a ſeaſon*, ſhall, as S. *Paul* ſaid of *Oneſimus*, come againe, and be received for ever. The graine caſt into the earth, after a froſt-biting, comes up the fairer. That body which *was ſowne a naturall body, ſhall riſe a Spirituall. Sow in teares, reape in joy. Who ſo goe forth weeping, carrying precious ſeed, ſhall returne with joy, and bring their ſheaves with them.*

Thus we ſee God will be in no mans debt: Seeke God, and proſper.

Yet for all this, *Caro iſta pulveries*, this clod of earth muſt lye awhile in duſt, *Sed reſurget tandem*, as a *Queenes daughter, all glorious within.* For if in this life holineſſe maketh the face of a man to ſhine, by an irradiation from the heart, what ſhall be the beauty of the body glorified! ſurely though it be not deified, yet ſhall it be purified, perfected, and immortalized; *Our vile bodies ſhall be changed, and*

faſhioned

fashioned like his glorious body. Such Glory have all his Saints.

If then the change be such, who would not bee willing, yea, glad to dye? *All the dayes of mine appointed time,* saith *Job, I will watch till my changing shall come.*

Nil minus est hominis occupati, quam vivere; Quos autem felicitas gravat, exclamant illi, Mihi vivere non licet. It is a good minde in a man, to bee content to dye, and willing to live: But to be willing to dye, and content to live, is the mind of a strong Christian.

Diligimus mortem pariter, pariterque timemus:
Ipse metus te noster amat.

Death desirable for three respects.

WHen the Senatour *Cato* was asked a question concer-

ning death, *Si Deus (inquit ille) mihi largiatur, ut repueraſcam, valde recuſem: nec tum me vixiſſe pœnitet, quia bene vixi; nec timeo mori, quia ex hoſpitio, non domo, diſcedam.*

Could wee as innocently wiſh our owne death, as the Saints doe the day of Judgement, wee might ſafely deſire it (for who can blame the deſire of advantage?) But ill circumſtances vitiate our deſires; collaterall reſpects to our owne eaſe, as to bee rid of troubles, freed of griefes, diſcontentments, and the like, theſe commonly beget ſuch a wiſh in us.

It is the ſaying of the Preacher, *Death is not to be ſought in the errour of youth, yet for ſome reſpects it may be deſired.*

Portus eſt aliquando petendus, nunquam recuſandus.

1. As firſt, that ſo we may betimes leave off to ſinne: Since ſin lives in us, and leaves us not till death. *Dixit Socrates, Appropinquante morte, multo es divinior: If*

the

the ſoules under the Altar cry, Uſque quo, Domine? If they ſolicite for the day of Judgement, why not I for my day of Death, ſince deaths day is but the Eve of Gods day?

2. Secondly, the ſoule that ſoone departs, *facilius ad ſuperos iter facit, quia minus facis ponderiſque traxit.* And what's the diſtance 'twixt life and death? So little, as with the Antients, the Embleme of life was *oculus apertus; Mortis, clauſus, non extinctus: nec plus intereſſe putaverunt inter mortem & vitam, quam ictum oculi.* Man is only a wink of life, his life and death joyned as neere as joy and griefe; where teares (the limbecke of the Heart) expreſſe both.

3. Thirdly, that ſo wee might the ſooner come to live indeed, be in *Patria*, where now wee are but in *via*. Preſent life is not *vita, ſed via ad vitam.* For which cauſe, ſaith Saint *Bernard, præcipitat quiſque vitam ſuam, futuri deſiderio laborat, præſentium tædio.*

Yet it is a wonder to see how wee love the present, and lesse esteeme the future.

Men doe commonly say, There is *nullum tempus præter nunc*; let that bee true in time, yet it holds not in Divinity; For man must chiefly mind his soule. The present is not that which contents the soule; *Nimis angustat gaudia, qui præsentibus acquiescit:* They are onely creatures of inferiour nature, that are pleased with the present. Man is a future creature, the eye of his soule looks beyond this life; *Scrutatur quod ultra mundum. Futura & præterita illum delectant; Hæc expectatione, Illa recordatione.*

Who so feeles not a desire in his soule of something beyond this life, is not setled in the point of immortality of the Soule: for in every supernaturall man there is imprinted an undeterminable desire of more than present life can yeeld. Therefore we doe not determine our contentment in

things

things preſent, but expect future things, more and greater than here we are capable of.

Speranti grandia, mediocria ſunt ingrata.

The Soules excellency.

BUt what is this Soule that ſo delights in futures? Though it be ſhapeleſſe and immateriall, yet it would make a man heavenly proud to contemplate of how divine a nature, quality and eſſence it is! *Deificatur Anima*, If ſhee be conſidered in her eſſentiality: *Secundùm formam eſt Deus, ſecundum materiam eſt Anima*, ſaith Saint *Bernard*. Her amative vertues unite her to God, all vertues elſe to her. Therefore ſaith Saint *Ambroſe*, *Quàm pulchra es, O Anima, peccata deſtruendo? Pulchrior mundum contemplando? Pulcherrima Deo amoroſe adhærendo?*

Shee

Shee partakes of the good which is in God, which the body doth not, but by participation with the ſoule;

Faciamus hominem ad ſimilitudinem noſtram.

The body, though it have the honour to be companion with the ſoule, yet it is but her drudge: Chriſtians ſay of the ſoule, thats the man; the body is but the caſe: Heathens could ſay, The ſoule was *divinæ particula auræ.* Some will have it, *a ſpirit mixt of Fire & Aire;* Others, *a ſelfe-moving number;* Seneca ſaith, *Quid aliud eſt anima quàm Deus in corpore humano hoſpitans?* Never any could give it ſuch a definition, that either an other, or himſelfe could conceive it. And no wonder, for it ſelfe cannot conceive the owne ſelfe-excellency, becauſe it ſuffered a compoſure before it ſelfe was. It was the life of breath that gave

it

it the breath of life: Therefore admiration rather than ſearch, becomes a man in ſuch a ſecret: yet ſo good is God to man, that wherein we cannot reach him, hee commonly deſcends to us. *Tulli* ſaid, *Mihi quidem nunquam perſuaderi potuit, animas, dum in corporibus eſſent mortalibus, vivere; cum exiſſent ex iis, emori.* Saint *Bernard* ſaith better, *Anima non exuit formam nativam, ſed ſuperinduit peregrinam; illa addita, iſta non perdita.* And yet this ſpirituall eſſence of the ſoule was therefore clogged with an earthy body, that it ſhould not grow proud, as thoſe Angels did that fell.

Let me ever worſhip the great God of this little god, my ſoule, *Et ne plus ultra.*

Onely this I know, that to no creature elſe God hath given a reaſonable ſoule: of creatures, the loweſt ranke have no life, the next no eſſence, the third no reaſon; none but man hath grace; nor is there

there hope in any creature elſe but man, which hope is given him for the ſuſtentation of his ſoule. *Anima enim non eſt inſtar Camæleontis, ut paſcatur vento*, it cannot bee fed with fancies, nor all the favours of the world. She is *ita generoſa*, as nothing but that *ſummum bonum* will ſatisfie her.

Hee that contemplates theſe things, will beare himſelfe too loftily, and thinke himſelfe too good to looke ſo low as to theſe ſublunary things.

Anguſtus eſt animus quem terrena delectant.

How then can this beauty bee pleaſed to inhabite long *contubernio iſto?* *Bring my ſoule out of Priſon*, ſaith *David*, *that I may praiſe thee.*

Non ſum ubi nunc ſum, ſaith the Soule.

As for the body, all it cares, is but

but ſepulture: for although the carkaſſe bee inſenſible of any poſture or poſition, yet honeſt ſepulture is a bleſſing. That body which had the honour to bee the Temple of ſuch a gueſt as the Holy Ghoſt, deſerves this favour.

But becauſe many times the houſes of the dead, and the urned bones doe meet with foule hands, for this alſo Nature hath provided, *Ut diſerte ait Mæcenas, Nec tumulum quæro.*

Sepelit natura relictos.

It is one of the petitions of every good ſoule,

Adveniat Regnum tuum, Thy kingdome come, O Lord; yet ſaith Saint *Auſtine, Hoc nitimur & reluctamur. Quis non gemens, quis non recuſans exit? Quis cum acceſſerit, non tergiverſatur, timet, plorat?*

Mans

Mans crosse Nature.

IN all things elſe obſerve how contrarily we carry our ſelves; The labourer from his worke haſtens to his bed; The Mariner rowes hard to gaine the Port, The Traveller is glad when hee is within kenning of his Inne; yet wee, when death comes to put us into our port, ſhun it as a Rocke, wee feare what wee ſhould wiſh, and wiſh that we ſhould feare.

O fortunatiorem Marcellum, eo tempore quo exilium ſinum Bruto approbavit, quàm quo Populo Romano Conſulatum.

Mans better choyce.

HEare O Chriſtian, what the *Pagan* ſaith,

Quid

Quid ni non timeat qui mori ſperat?

It is harder to make a true Philoſopher patient of life, than of death.

Hic ſpe mortis patienter dolet,
Et tædio doloris libenter moritur:
Hunc fert, illam expectat.
Sed expecta, mors tardè venit.

Therefore ſaid Saint *Paul, I am in a ſtraighe betwixt two, whether to live in the fleſh were profitable for me, and which to chuſe, I wot not.* Yet at laſt reſolved, *Live or dye, Chriſt* was to him *advantage:* Therefore *to be looſed and to be with Chriſt,* was beſt of all.

Till then, God grant,
That I may have *vitam in patientia, mortem verò in deſiderio.*

So ſhall I fulfill my courſe with joy; Life not deare, nor Death grievous.

Life

Life and Death compared.

IN elder times, both wiſe men, great men, and vaine men, had death in ſuch eſtimation, and ſo undervalued life, as they fondly ſaid, Had man beene worthy to know what life was, before hee received it, hee would have beene loth to accept it. *Nemo vitam acciperet, ſi daretur ſcientibus.* Life would have kept us in ſlavery, but that death freed us. The Heathen gods held death to be mans *ſummum bonum.* Therefore *Trophonius*, when hee had built and dedicated that goodly Temple at *Delphos*, aſked of *Apollo* for his recompence, that thing which was beſt for man; The Oracle bade him goe home, and within three dayes hee ſhould have it, within which time he died. They counted death but the retrait of life, *Optimum naturæ inventum:*

ventum: For by it every man might make himſelfe happy, no man bee longer miſerable than hee will, *Placetnè vita? vive: non placet? licet eò reverti unde veniſti.* They thought no ſtate miſerable, but that which death could not remedy: wherefore, ſay they, A wiſe man lives but ſo long as he ſhould, not ſo long as he can.

If death were not in our power, wee ſhould deſire it more than now we feare it; *Photion* in *Athens* being condemned to dye, the Executioner refuſed to doe his office, unleſſe hee had twelve *Drachmæ* paid him in hand: *Photion ne mora fieret morti,* borrowed it of a friend, and gave it him.

Quemadmodum Athenis, inquit, ne mori gratis licet. Magiſtra rerum Ratio taught them, that common ſafety lay in death, *Et invitum qui ſervat, idem facit occidenti.* Life was ſubject to many fortunes; *Sed in eo qui ſcit mori, nil poſſe fortunam.* This made them cheriſh theſe

theſe deſperate conceits, *nil refert, faciatne finem an recipiat*; Thinking it bravery to uſe miſchiefe for a remedy. Though life be not, yet death is at a mans command; *Mors nihil aliud eſt quam velle*, in which reſpect no man could complaine of life, *Quia neminem tenet.* If any man did complaine, this was their wiſh, *Mors utinam pavidos vitæ ſubducere nollet, Sed virtus hanc ſola daret.* In ſcorne ſome ſaid, *Ego ne expectem, vel morbi crudelitatem, vel hominũ, cum poſſim medio exirè tormento & adverſa diſcutere?* But their braveſt conceit was worſe, that it was *genus mortis generoſum*, for a man to bee author of his owne death. If it be permitted to deſire death, why is it ill to give it to themſelves. *Sed furor eſt, ne moriare, mori.*

To maintaine by reaſon, as well as courage, this was their aſſertion. Death was naturall, therefore welcome any way, *vivere noluit, qui*

qui mori non vult: He is ſorry that he was a man, that is not glad to dye. It is inevitable, therefore we muſt be reſolute. *Feras, non culpes, quod vitari non poteſt.* Fooles flie it, old men attend it, wiſe men wiſh it. Nay, ſome ſo prided themſelves in this way, that for care, feare, or griefe, they would not dye: *Non inferam mihi manus propter dolorem*, nor yet for feare: *Stultum eſt timore mortis mori:* nor yet through threats of torments: *Sic mori vinci eſt. Sed ſi ceperat ſuſpecta eſſe fortuna, ſi multa occurrebant, moleſta, tranquillitatem turbantia*; Then it was fortitude to diſpatch them, how, or with what, it mattered not:

Scalpello aperitur ad illam magnam libertatem via, & puncto ſecuritas conſtat, ſaid *Seneca* when he bled to death.

Cato will dye, becauſe the Common-wealth declined: *Nerva*, becauſe

becauſe the lawes were not kept: *Silvianus*, becauſe hee would not live at the mercy of his enemy: *Lucretia* to cover a diſhonour: Thus may folly doe that which Nature cannot defend.

But where are *theſe Diſputers of the world*, ſaith Saint *Paul*? Others thought death was to be expected till Nature called for it, or Juſtice tooke it: For defence of a mans Countrey, Lawes, or Religion, men might *ponere animas ſuas*; but not for oſtentation, or in diſcontentment.

Bona res eſt mori ſua morte.

Yet ſome will dye for wantonneſſe, if they want their wils.

Life was given to manage to the utmoſt. Having but the uſe of our lives, wee are bound to husband them to the beſt advantage.

Every one is here ſet Centinel, and not to leave the place till his Captaine call him off.

Non

Non eſt optima quæ placet, ſed quæ decet.

That death was beſt, which was well recollected, quietly ſuffering what it could not poſſibly prevent.

Fortiter ille facit, qui miſer eſſe poteſt.

It is not enough to dye with a Roman courage, nor to bee as reſolute as *Cato*, who told *Cæſar*, hee feared his pardon more than the paine he threatned; nor yet that the cauſe of death bee juſt; but it muſt be alſo neceſſary, unſought, inevitable.

But let goe this diſcourſe, my Contemplation lyes another way.

Onely this let me ſay, Divines need not be aſhamed to weare the Jewels and the Eare-rings of Egyptians: they are in many things ſo full of luſtre, and ſo excellent.

Man in this world lives by appointment,

pointment, and God for his owne purposes makes life sweet, and death terrible. Many there are that feare not so much to be dead, as to dye. *Assidue variatur Homo per adversa & prospera, & nescit quando moriatur.*

To labour not to dye, is labour in vaine. To live without feare of death, is to dye living: *Secura vita est mare mortuum. Mordecay* said to *Hester*, Canst thou be so vainly timerous, as to dye for feare of death?

This let a wise man doe, *Quod necesse est ne timeat; Quod incertum est, semper expectat.* But hee neither feares nor feeles death, that hath his hopes in heaven.

Seeke not consolation against death, but let death be thy consolation; Comforter is his Name: In death there is comfort against death. *Mortem optare malum, timere pejus*: But to make death easie, looke through death at glory, thinke not so much of death, as of

of the glory that followes it: at the worſt, *Mors non aufert vitam, ſed in melius transfert*; life gives way to death, and makes way for it. If it be ſharpe for the time, *Puer es ſi mavis manere inſanus, quàm medicinam ſitſtinere amaram*; A man will eaſily ſwallow a bitter pill to gaine health. The Phyſician helps us not without paine, and yet wee reward him for it. *Job* ſaith of *Death, from ſix troubles it delivereth, & in ſeptima*, that is at point of death, *non tanget te malum. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy commeth in the morning.* Fit your ſelfe for it, and you will never feare it; doe by it as you doe in other things; when you would goe to ſleepe, you put off your cloathes, you draw the Curtaines, put out the Candle, and goe to bed: Thus as it were acting ſleep, before you goe to ſleep: ſo addreſſe your ſelfe to death, and then as a Father ſaith,

Erit somnus dilectis initium refrigerii.
Scala Montis, Janua vitæ, Ingressus in Tabernaculum.

Bring your selfe acquainted with death, that when it comes you may entertaine it, *non ut hostis, sed ut hospes*; not as a foe, but as a friend; not as a stranger, but as a guest that you had long looked for; and bid welcome death more blessed than your birth.

Thus did *Salomon* upon his Throne, extoll his Coffin above his Crowne. What a griefe then is it to see great men in these daies build houses of that strength and state, as if they should alwayes live, and yet so live, as if they had but mortall soules? *Patres veteres habitabant in cavernis; Cain vero edificavit civitatem in terra, sed perdidit Cœlum. I dwell in Cedars, but Gods Arke remaines under Curtaines*, was *Davids* griefe.

It is good counsell: *Effice mor-*

tem

tem tibi familiarem, ut possis cùm fors tulerit, illi lætus & alacriter obviam exire. Though death be terrible, yet innocency is bold.

As the thought of death daunts an ill liver; So it makes a good man, *Humilior, cautior, & cordatior:* Yet doe not as the Dueliſts and Gallants of the time doe, goe into the field to ſeeke death, and find Honour: Swift *Aſahel*, had hee gone but ſlowly, might have overtaken death, but he runnes to fetch it: So doe Combatants in theſe dayes, *Ubi infelix victoria cùm victor ſuccumbit vitio: nam aut moriens pro homicidio, aut vivis homicida:* Nor doe not as the Wits of the time doe, put a ſcorne upon death; and to bee accounted good company, dare abuſe God, deſpite death, and talke prophanely; yet no man for offending good fellowſhip, muſt reprove them: To be bitterly witty in invectives, pleaſes; and to have brain enough to be a *Tymon*, ſeemes a

jolly thing: but in these cases saith Saint *Augustine*, it is a fault not to find fault, *Nam quemadmodum malus sermo ducit in peccatum, sic silentium relinquit in peccato*; A man may bee mannerly in the forme, but must bee round in the matter; For a friend cannot make a more improvement of his friendship, than by a round reproofe of his friend upon such an occasion.

One saith well, Sinne doth ill in the eye, but worse in the tongue: I know not, saith another, whether the maintenance of the least evill, be not worse than the commission of the greatest, for this may be of frailty, that argues obstinacy. Likewise prophane speeches how sharpe soever are ever hateful to a good eare; wherefore play not the wanton with *heaven*, take no part with wit against godlinesse; such aire poysons goodnesse, brings sadnesse at the last.

Seneca observing that ill men

in

in their converſation, and good men in their prayers made overbold with God, gave this counſell, So deale with men as if God ſaw thee; ſo ſpeake to God, as if men heard thee: But ſay the good fellowes of the world, *Offendatur Deus ne contriſtetur amicus*, Let us enjoy our ſelves; to what elſe ſerves the fulneſſe of our fortunes? but he counſels better that ſaith, *Temperanda eſt fælicitas mundi meditatione mortis, ut vinum aqua dilutum*, ſuch an allay proſperity requires.

To this end good *Joſeph* built his Sepulchre in his garden, and ſome *Philoſophers* had their graves alwayes open before their gates, that going out and comming in, they might alwayes thinke of death: For in life they found comforts to bee rare, croſſes frequent, pleaſures momentany, pains permanent.

In this world wee are all *Beno-*

nies, the ſonnes of ſorrow; the way to heaven, is by weeping-croſſe. The Calendar tells us, wee come not to Aſcenſion day, till the paſſion weeke be paſt.

Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta,
Pulveris exigui jactu compreſſa quieſcunt.

It is obſerved that moſt of other creatures live long, but dying periſh all to nothing; Man that is ſhortlived, yet he dying, lives eternally: Thinke but of this, and you will thinke as Saint *Bernard* did, that life were little better than hell, were it not for the hope of heaven.

Surely Chriſt would not have dyed, but that we may dye in ſafety; hee by death in death, delivered us from death.

And did Chriſt die for me, that I might live with him? I will not therefore deſire to live long from him.

him. Who would not goe out of himselfe to goe to God?

It is a token of little love to God, to bee loth to goe to God. All men goe willingly to see him whom they love. Our brother *Joseph* liveth; therefore though with *Jacob* I cannot say, I will goe see him before I dye; Yea, Lord let me dye, that I may see him whom my soule loveth; living I cannot, but dying I shall.

The danger is, lest difficulties and delights hinder our resolutions: Difficulties should not; For since *Adams* fall none passes unto Paradise, but by burning Seraphins. We cannot goe out of Egypt, but through the Red Sea. Those children of Israel before they came to Hierusalem, tooke in their way the valley of Teares, and crossed the swift river Jordan, before they came to the sweet waters of Siloam. Pleasures may hinder: For even that good Saint *Austin* was once of the minde, that hee

would not leave preſent pleaſures for future hopes; but afterwards ſaid with ſorrow, *Pudeat vivere in delitiis, cùm Chriſtus vixit in periculis.* Proſperous fortunes many times hinder a cheerfull dying, but this petulant world muſt be left: Conſcience of ſinne muſt not bee exchanged for the ſenſe of pleaſure. The Holy man exclaimes, *O quam multi ſunt qui mundum damnant, & tamen pauci relinquunt.* Every ſenſe about us, upon the leaſt temptation, is a traitour to the ſoule. The body it ſelfe, if you ſet too high a price upon it, will make a cheape ſoule. *Magna corporis cura, magna mentis incuria*: A man may be as happy in Ruſſet as in Tiſſu, and he is an unhappy man whoſe outſide is his beſt ſide; vile is Nature in her beſt dreſſe. A ſpruce Roman, riding on a leane Jade, was asked by the Cenſor his reaſon; he anſwered, *Ego curo meipſum, Statius verò equum*; I looke to my ſelfe, but my man to my horſe.

horſe. So vaine men looke to their bodies, look who liſt to his ſoule. *Dominam ancillare & ancillam dominare abuſio eſt*, ſaith *Stella*.

Alſo high fortunes lead men to ſtrange faſhions; but if wee would be of the Court of heaven, wee muſt faſhion our ſelves as the Countrey-man doth, who when hee comes to Court, ſoone ſhakes off his clowniſh tricks, and gets a civill behaviour: *Mundum cum ſuis frivolis*, a good man muſt contemne.

If you would live well, live in awe of all eyes, and eſpecially take heed where you live, for the very place of pleaſure is dangerous; In Paradiſe *Adam* could not be innocent, but out of Paradiſe he was a good man. *Adam* was ſet upon in Paradiſe, *Job* on the dunghill; yet *Job* wss *fortior in ſtercore, quam Adam in Paradiſo*; Wee are no *Davids* now adayes, therefore let us not be too venturous: *David* when hee had ſeene

the magnificency and ſtate of Court, yet thought never the worſe of his retired life, but loved his hooke the better: And when afterwards hee came from keeping Sheepe to bee a Sheepherd of men, hee changed his ſtate without change of his diſpoſition: but this is not our condition now adayes; wee are more for our ſheepe than our ſoules. Judge not of things by the face of things, for life and death have deceivable vizards; under the faire face of life lurkes griefe, under the foule feature of Death (which is but fancy) lyes felicity; Take off the maske and you will change your minde; loath that you loved, and love that you loathed.

Vita habitu caſto cùm non ſit caſta, videtur:

Mors præter cultum nil meretricis habet.

The

The kinds of Death.

THe kinds of Death as of life are two; one bodily, the other Spirituall:

Bodily life is the conjunction of body and ſoule, bodily death is the ſeparation of body and ſoule. And as a godly man hath three degrees of life, The firſt in this life when Chriſt lives in him; The ſecond, when his body returnes to earth, and his ſoule to God that gave it; The third at the end of the world when body and ſoule re-united ſhall enjoy heaven:

So likewiſe a wicked man hath three degrees of death; Dead in ſinne while hee lives, Dead in ſoule when he dyes; Dead in body and ſoule, when both ſhall bee adjudged and condemned.

Malis ſit mors ſine morte,

Finis

Finis sine fine.

Defectus sine Defectu.

Quia mors vivit, finis semper incipit & deficere defectus nescit.

Freedome by Death.

THe freedomes wee have by Death are many.

1 First from all worldly Injuries. Here good men doe but live and suffer; *Bene agere, & male pati*, thats their portion; Sufferings are greater trials than actions, but they prepare to happinesse: It is good for me that I have beene afflicted, saith *David*.

Non sentire mala, non esse homini; non ferre, non esse viri. But what are momentany afflictions to an eternall weight of glory?

2 Secondly, it ends all: Misery is a privative good, putting a period

riod to all ill: Man in misery, saith *Job*, *longs for Death, and digs for it, more than treasure*; *Mors finis est, non pœna*: nay, saith one, *Nec finis nec pœna; bonis lex est, non pœna perire.* It is another *Moses* unto man, delivering him out of bondage and making Bricke in Egypt.

It ends sins, not life; it reforms, but doth not destroy nature:

Vitiorum est Sepultura, virtutum Resurrectio.

3 Thirdly, it frees from all corporall infirmities.

Mors omnium dolorum solutio.

Life it selfe is a disease, and we dye by corruption of humours, whether they bee of body or manners, who so thinkes to heale all infirmities with an easier plaister than Death, *Delinimenta potiùs quàm remedia podagræ sibi ponit.*

4 Fourthly, it frees us from all bodily

bodily labours: Man is the ſubject of the earth by labour, of heaven by ſuffering. The *Spirit* ſaith, *Bleſſed are they that dye in the Lord, they reſt from their labours. Adeo juvat occupatum mori:* Here I have labour without reſt: There I ſhall have reſt without labour. In this Reſt, perfect Tranquillity; in this Tranquillity, Contentment; in this Contentment, Joy; in this Joy, Variety; in this Variety, Security; in this Security, Eternity; So to Reſt, to Riſe, to Reigne, what more to be wiſhed?

5 Fifthly, it eaſes us of all cares and troubles: *Refrigeries eſt animæ*, Refection to the ſoule; Were we but in a throng, we would thinke that man at eaſe who gets out firſt. *Noah*, when hee had beene toſſed but a yeere upon the waters, then Mount *Ararat* was to him a gladſome place; ſo likewiſe miſerable man after many wearieſome yeeres toſſed up and downe the world as in a troubled ſea, will bee glad of death,

death, as of Mount *Ararat* a reſting place for his tyred ſoule.

Old *Chaucers* Epitaph is a good one:

Mors ærumnarum requies.

The long ſicke man wrote upon his grave ſtone, *Hic ero ſanus.*

In Warres we often releeve the Watch. Life is a Warfare, yet hath no releefe but Death.

6. Laſtly, Death doth us not the leaſt pleaſure in freeing us from phantaſmes and vaine pleaſures: *Periclitatur enim caſtitas in delitiis, Pietas in negotiis, Veritas in multiloquio, Charitas in ſæculo.*

And yet ſome pleaſures may ſtand with innocency; For God loves to ſee his creatures happy, but commonly the pleaſures of the body are the poyſons of the ſoule: a man ſmothered in Roſes meets with Death, though in ſweetneſſe; *Delicatas enim mentes enervat*

enervat felicitas: In vaine mirth there is no true joy, nor yet gladneſſe in laughter: *Nam vera eſt ſeverâ verum Gaudium:* The onely object of true joy is God. *In the multitude of ſorrowes that I had in my heart, thy comforts have refreſhed mee, and doe delight my ſoule,* ſaith *David.*

Delight in pleaſures, and you ſhall finde your greateſt pleaſures become your bittereſt paines.

Miſer homo, cujus gaudium crimen habet.

But cheriſh that Syntereſis, the naturall power in the ſoule, and that will ſtirre you up to a cheerfulneſſe in goodneſſe: *Ne quæras Deum in hortis & paſcuis delitiarum: Moſes eum invenit in ſpinis & aſperitate vitæ.*

A man whoſe ſoule is converſant with *God*, ſhall finde more pleaſure in the deſart and in death, than in the Palace of a Prince.

Soveraignty reaches not to the affaires

affaires of nature; even Princes muſt dye; *I have ſaid you are gods, but you ſhall dye like men.*

The benefits by Death.

THe benefits that come by Death: Fulneſſe of Grace which here we have but in part; *vivere velint homines ut perfecti ſint, mori volunt & perfecti ſunt.* Here we have but *Arrham Spiritus*, there we ſhall have *pretium; Sedete à dexteris*, will be our welcome.

Secondly, perfection of Glory: now I know but in part, but then I ſhall know as I am knowne: now I ſee darkly as in a glaſſe, then ſhall I ſee face to face. There ſhall bee new Heavens, new Earth; The world ſhall be made better, not nothing. *Suſcipit enim meliorationem, non interitum: Old things are paſſed away, behold,* ſaith Saint *Paul, all things are become new. There ſhall be*

no

no more an Infant of dayes, nor an old man that hath not filled his dayes, saith *Esay*. The Heavens you behold shall be superinvested with new indowments, made everlasting habitations for the Saints departed; *Erimus participes, non tantùm spectatores gloriæ*, Enjoy with these eyes *visionem illam beatificam*, Joy unspeakable, and this joy, saith Saint *John*, *No man shall take from you.*

Thirdly, inseparable fellowship with Christ: *They follow the Lambe whithersoever hee goeth.* There wee shall be married to him, here we be but contracted; *Desponsabo te mihi*, saith the Prophet. Those favors and love-tokens I have here received, doe but inflame, not satisfie: And these I am willing to part with, lest they should make me loth to depart to him that gave me them.

Meretricius est amor, plus annulum quàm sponsum amare.

Lastly, it brings mee where I would

would be; into my owne *Country*, into *Paradiſe*, where I ſhall meet, not as in the *Elizium* of the *Poets*, *Catones*, *Scipiones* & *Scevola's*; But *Abraham*, *Iſaac*, and *Jacob*, the *Patriarchs* my fathers, the *Saints* my brothers, the *Angels* my friends; my wife, children, and kinsfolks that are gone before me, and doe attend me, looking and longing for my arriving there. Where we ſhall thus congratulate, as Saint *Paul* ſaith; we are met in Mount Sion the City of the living God, and the celeſtiall Jeruſalem, in the company of innumerable Angels; where things that eye hath not ſeene, nor eare heard, nor heart of man can conceive, are prepared for us and all that feare God.

Therefore I will ſay, *Lord*, when ſhall I come and appeare before thee? *Like as the Hart panteth for the water brooks; ſo pants my ſoule for thee, O God: I had rather be a doore-keeper in thy houſe, than dwell* here, though in chambers of pleaſure.

Touching

Touching the ſecond generall Diviſion.

II.

The Feares or Joyes that Death brings.

The feares of Death.

TImor eſt dolor, *The King of feares* is Death; For nothing is abſolutely feare-full, but what tends to death. *The living dogge*, ſaith *Salomon, is better than the dead lyon.* The baſeſt life excells the beſt bare being. Naturally men feare Death, becauſe it ends being, which nature would preſerve. *Omnis dolor ſurgit ab amore: Rachel mourned for her children and would not be comforted becauſe they were not.*

Very

Very not being is ſufficiently abhorred by nature; yet death ends not being.

Chriſtians were wont to bee of that courage that they feared nothing but ſinne; *Timuit mortem Petrus, & negavit Chriſtum.* But why ſhould a man feare death that doth but reſtore him to him that made him? *Timeat mortem qui Deum non timet; ſed ſi ſperare deſideras, deſine timere.* Feares, as all paſſions, doe diſquiet the heart: Yet juſt feare breeds but care; and feare mixt with faith, ſolicites unto goodneſſe: but diſtruſtfull feare, as over-confident hope, are both alike hurtfull.

Sunt autem qui Deum nec timent, nec ſperant; Theſe men are deſperate: Goe on, and ſhut up a careleſſe life with a diſconſolate death: Feare vice ſpecially in age, leſt the nearer you come to death, the farther you goe from life. The *Convert* ſaid well, *Periiſſem niſi periiſſem.*

It

It is true, the name of Death to most is fearefull; Yet *Pompa mortis magis terret quàm ipsa mors.* Grones, Convulsions, discoloured faces, these shew Death terrible; because God loves at first to make way for himselfe by terrour, but at last conveyes himselfe to us in sweetnesse. And what trouble can the feare breed, when that which is feared is a favour?

That *Philosopher* is not to bee followed, who to prepare himselfe the better for Death, did set forth death most fearefully: nor yet is that Emperour to bee praised who so little esteemed death, as he dyed in a complement.

The feare of Death, is worse than the paines of Death: *Timor mortis, ipsa morte pejor*; Because feare of Death kils us often, where Death it selfe can doe it but once. And when that is done, saith *Job*, the *Wombe will forget thee, and the wormes feed sweetly on thee.*

There is nothing more miserable

rable or fooliſh than alwayes to feare.

The *Philoſopher* thought, that if Death (as bad as men count it) were not mingled with bitternes, men would run to it with deſire and indiſcretion.

Ergo mortem concupiſcentes, & timentes æquè objurgat Epicurus.

It is true, Life would not bee troubled with too much care, nor Death with too much feare; becauſe feares betray, cares diſorder thoſe ſuccours which reaſon would afford to both: But he is more ſorrowfull than is neceſſary, that is ſorrowfull before there bee neceſſity. Nor will I ever thinke my ſoule in good caſe, ſo long as I feare to thinke of dying. When the Prince of life was under the Areſt of Death, then Deaths ſeeming victory was terrible: But now, *O Death where is thy ſting? O Grave where is thy victory?*

Feares

Feares multiply evils, Faith diminiſhes them; yet moſt men wiſh, *ut mors potiùs ſemel incidat, quam ſemper impendeat*, becauſe nothing is ſo painfull as to dwell long under the expectation of ſome great evill. Of themſelves, paines of Death are onely throwes of travell that bring forth joyes in ſuffering paines.

Abſolvitur anima, reſolvitur corpus; gaudet quòd abſolvitur, quòd reſolvitur non ſentit.

The Heathen man could ſay, *Non ego pœnas eſſe quibuſdam poſt mortem; ſed quid ad mortem, quid poſt mortem?* If there be any feares in Death, *Quare juvenes non timent ſieri ſenes?* But it is the nature of feare, to make dangers greater, helpes leſſe than they are.

When *Anaxagoras* had word brought him that his deare and onely ſonne was dead; *Scio*, ſaid hee, *me genuiſſe mortalem.* The ſonnes

ſonnes condition ſatisfied the fathers paſſion.

There is no ſuch gentle removal of grieſes, or life's diſcontents, as the right ſenſe of Death; nor can that man either live at eaſe, or yet contentedly, that lives continually in feare of Death. *Nil in morte metuamus, ſi nihil timendum vita noſtra commiſit.* Never feare what you ſhall ſuffer when you are dead, if you have not deſerved it while you lived.

In learning to live, ſtudy how to dye. Wee take great care to beſtow our time well while we live; but he leeſes all his time, that knowes not how to end his time.

Neſcire mori miſerrimum.

Socrates *de morte diſputabat uſque ad ipſam.* When *Otho* and *Cato* had prepared all things for their death, they ſetled themſelves to ſleepe: when they awaked, and found

themſelves upon the ſtroke of execution, all they ſaid was, *Vita ſupplicio data eſt, mors remedio.* Tyrants have beene told to their faces, that their mortall wounds made the Sufferers Immortall.

Vivere non poteſt, qui mori non audet.

There is no man ſo valiant as the beleever.

It was a proverb amongſt the Heathens, *Soli Chriſtiani mortis contemptores.*

Zeno's word was, *Difficile eſt hominem exuere*, but off he muſt.

It is true, feare of Death (as a tribute due to nature) is a weakneſſe; yet feares be not alwayes ill ſymptomes before death, nor in death. At that inſtant nature will reluct to keep ſtill her being, unto which death is repugnant, life pleaſing.

But neither life nor being are alike to all men: To an ill man the beſt had beene, not to have beene,

Non naſci optimum; His next beſt were, to live long: It was ill with him that he was borne, worſe that he muſt dye. Therefore not being ſure of a better life, hee would faine make much of this. Hee is conſcious to himſelfe, that this dying life will bring him to a living death; yet thinkes, *Dum ſpiro, ſpero*; and ſo flutters *inter mortis metum, & vitæ tormentum*; *nolit vivere, & neſcit mori.* A good man is otherwiſe minded, hee counts his end the beſt of his being, for that brings him to the fruition of his hope. *Quid hujus vivere eſt*, but *diis mori?* His word is, *Cùm expiro, ſpero*; my body only lived *ſpirando*, my ſoule lives *ſperando*: When his breath failes him, his hope faints not, *Patienter vivit, delectabiliter moritur.* To this man, *mori quamprimùm*, is his rather, therfore he ſaith to his ſoule, *Why art thou caſt downe, O my ſoule, why art thou ſo diſquieted within me? wait on God.*

The difference of ſoules as well in dying as living.

SOule and Soule are differenced in dying, as well as in being. The Atheiſt dares not dye for feare of *non eſſe*; The ill liver dares not dye for feare of *malè eſſe*; The doubtfull conſcience dares not dye *neſciendo*, whether he ſhall be, not be, or be damned; Onely the good man dares and deſires to dye. Hee is aſſured of his hope, his hope is full of immortality. *What can I feare, when I know in whom I beleeve*, ſaid the holy Martyr? *I am thy Salvation*, ſaith that Saviour of man.

Could Death end miſery, the greateſt happineſſe a wicked man would wiſh, were the Act of Death: But his conſcience will not let him lye; he knowes the end of his preſent miſeries, is the beginning

beginning of worſe, yea ſuch as Death it ſelfe cannot terminate; for that would bee happineſſe enough, had hee hope there would be an end at the laſt.

Tophet is prepared for the bad, and *Paradiſe* for the good; *As the tree falleth, ſo it lyeth*; As death leaves him, ſo Judgement ſhall finde him.

There was neither death nor life but had ſome good in it, could he have ſeene it. In life there was ſome eaſe, in death an end; But in *Inferno* there is neither eaſe nor end.

Prima mors animam dolentem pellit de corpore;

Secunda mors animam volentem tenet in corpore.

There is no *Annus Platonicus*, nor yeare of Jubile in this place.

Could wee therefore forethinke what bitter paines our

ſweet ſinnes will coſt, wee would be provident, we durſt not but be innocent.

But fooliſh men give away their Soules for nothing: yet thoſe that would not feare for love, ſhall tremble for feare, and find, though too late, how much prevention is better than confuſion. In the ſenſe of paine, and horrour of Conſcience they will one day cry, *O vos omnes qui tranſitis*, All ye that paſſe by, *attendite, & videte ſi eſt dolor ſicut dolor meus!*

It is ſtrange that wee will not be wiſe by other mens harmes: for though wee love our ſelves better than others, yet we ſee others better than our ſelves. Reaſon therefore bids us, if wee would ſee our owne caſe, then to view it in another mans perſon, and ſo prevent that which hee feeles.

Seldome doth hee dye well, that lives ill; therefore in the courſe of your life practiſe well doing,

doing, and at parting you ſhall have the comfort of well dying.

Body and Soule parting.

SEd quàm amarum erit hoc tempore corporis & animæ ſeparatio? Wee ſee old acquaintance cannot part without teares. *Quid facient intimè familiares, quales ſunt corpus & anima, quæ ab ipſo utero ita jucundiſſimè vixerint.* If the Oxe loweth when his fellow is taken from him that drew the plough with him, *qualem mugitum* ſhall wee give when ſoule and body part? *Siccine ſeparas, amara Mors? Siccine ſeparas?*

When I goe in *fundum*, there ſhall I ſee *noſtrum nihil*, ſaith the booke of Kings. The Spirit at this time may be willing, but the fleſh will be loth. *Ægrè amittitur, quod valdè amatur.*

Faith will aſſure God is thy fa-

ther; but Nature will tell thee, She is thy mother, and thou mayest not yet leave her. In this conflict take heed the mothers side prevaile not; Shee will play *Naomies* part, perswade thee earnestly to stay and enjoy the delights of Moab yet a while longer; but resolve thou with *Ruth* to see what entertainment is for thee in Bethlehem, for there thou shalt find a *Boaz*.

In ista hora, every man will make *Balaams* suit, (for no man would be miserable, if it were enough to desire to bee happy.) *Beatus vult homo esse, etiam non sic vivendo ut possit esse.* Some there are that would not wish to live, but wish they had not lived. But such wishes will not serve, Death will not be satisfied with wishes, nor with words. Heaven is full of good workes, Hell full of good wishes. Hee must *piè vivere*, that will *securè mori*. Wee all desire to shut up our last scene of life, with, *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo Spiritum*

Spiritum meum. But it is not the laſt words a man utters, that doe qualifie his Soule. Remember how in thy life thou haſt entertained Gods Spirit: for as wee uſed his in this life, ſo hee will uſe ours after Death. *Qualem quiſque ſe fecerit in hac vitâ, talem ſe inveniet exiens ab hac vitâ.*

At this houre what would a man give to ſecure his ſoule. *Quid dabis pro animâ tuâ, qui pro nihilo das illam?* Poore man! never was any ſo rich as could pay the ranſome of his owne ſoule; a diſpleaſed mercy askes greater ſatisfaction.

And this know, that when thou dyeſt thou goeſt to give account of thy Stewardſhip, that is, *Temporis amiſſi, Mali commiſſi, Boni omiſſi:* and thy ſoule already knowes in *conſcientia tua*, whither it goes, *quando egreditur è corpore tuo*; For thy conſcience is a Juſtice *Itinerant* with thee, and though thou canſt carry nothing elſe with thee, yet this thou canſt not leave be-

hinde thee, that will tell thee whither thou goeſt, and what thou ſhalt looke for: *Tunc quaſi loquentia tua opera dicent; Tu nos egiſti: Tua opera ſumus, non te deſeremus: ſed tecum ibimus ad Judicium.* In that day ſhall come into mens minds (*vi divina*) in the twinkling of an eye all their paſt good, or evill workes.

Memory the Magazine of the Soule will then recount all that thou haſt done, ſaid, or thought all thy life long: for there needs no other art of memory for ſinne, but miſery.

Man is a great flatterer of himſelfe, but conſcience is alwaies juſt, and will never chide thee wrongfully; It alwayes takes part with God againſt a mans ſelfe; It is *magiſtratus domeſticus*, that will tell what you doe at home; it is well termed, the Pulſe of the Soule: Therefore if you would know the true ſtate of your body or Soule, feele how this beats, that will

will tell you: yet take heed you make not an Idoll of your conſcience; neither thinke, as ſome doe, that it is a crime to make a conſcience of our actions. The booke of Wiſedome ſaith, That *wickednesse being preſſed with conſcience, forecaſteth grievous things*: feare is full of projects.

Nemo ſeveriorem ſeipſo habet judicem: Therefore *non timere judicium*, is a deſperate thing; yet wee pray daily, *Domine, adveniat Regnum tuum.*

It ſhewes a Chriſtian courage, *Regnum Dei poſtulare*: But a man had need of a good cauſe, that wiſhes the comming of his Judge.

At point of death, if a man will take his aime by the beſt men that ever lived or dyed; that of *David*, *Ezekias*, and of Chriſt himſelfe (as he was man) is able to amaze any man, when as our Saviour Chriſt, not many houres before he ſuffered, ſaid, *Anima mea turbata eſt, & quid dicam?* and at the very point

point of death, ſaid, *Father, if it be thy will, let this Cup paſſe from me.* When *David* ſaid, *Save Lord for thy mercies ſake; for in death there is no remembrance of thee. And Ezechias wept ſore,* when he was bid, *Put thy houſe in order, for thou muſt dye. Si Patres, ſi Prophetæ, ſi Apoſtoli, ſi Martyres, ſi Chriſtus ipſe,* was thus troubled at the houre of death, *Wretched man that I am, what ſhall I doe?* We were all to ſeeke, but that Chriſt bids us, *Be of good cheere, for I have overcome death, Mors morte redempta eſt.* Now there is advantage in death; that which was the wages of ſinne, is made the reward of righteouſneſſe.

Now that death hath overcome death, and that faith hath ſecured feare, *Nec me tædet vivere, nec timeo mori.* For what can hee feare in death, whoſe death is his hope. *Timor timore pellitur, ut clavus clavo truditur. Right precious in the ſight of God is the death of his Saints.*

See

See then what makes men willing or loth to dye.

Obsecro te, Lucille, said *Seneca, Cur timeat laborem vir, mortem homo?* It is the present condition of men that makes them willing or loth to dye.

Nor life, nor death are alike to all men: Some can as willingly leave the world, as others can forbeare the Court. And count him but unwise, *Qui os suum aperit aeri, ut se satiaret vento.* Some say unto themselves, *Since the Fathers fell asleepe, all things continue as they were: Libere ignorant, ut liberius peccent:* Some pleasant their lives, as if the world should alwayes laugh upon them. *Quamvis pejor est mundus cùm blanditur, quàm cum indignatur.*

Some say, *Let us eat and drinke, for to morrow we shall dye, Et post mortem nulla voluptas.* These would doe any thing rather than dye. Others thinking to please God by making themselves miserable, live

live as if they came into the world but to act a ſad mans part and dye.

De tanta lætitia, quanta triſtitia!

Theſe wiſh a change, hoping it will be a benefit. All weake minds ſeek eaſe in change. Therefore well ſaid the ſonne of *Syrach*, *O death, how acceptable is thy remembrance to him whoſe ſtrength faileth. That is now in his laſt Age, and vexed with all things; and to him that deſpaireth and hath loſt patience.* Contrariwiſe, *O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that lyeth at reſt in his poſſeſſions, unto the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that proſpereth in all things.* (*Sed, O ſeculum nequam, quòd ſolos tuos ſic ſoles beare amicos, ut Dei facias inimicos.*)

Certainly to this man that thus lives at eaſe in delicacy with affluence of all things, (for to uſe happineſſe is as difficult as to forbeare it) to him it is a ſad and bitter

ter meditation to think that death must take him from all these joyes, wherein his heart tooke pleasure, though indeed pleasures are but paines in their losse. *O pro quantillo Regnum perdidi!* said *Lisimacus* when hee gave his kingdome for a cup of cold water.

Thus as men differ in their condition; so doe they in the acceptation of death.

Sed, O quàm amara mors mundum amantibus.

Every poore contentment glues us to that we like. And what are those contentments? Vaine hopes, idle pleasures, false honours, unsatisfying wealth, stormy contentments, all contemptible. For all that some good men cover, *Et Deum & mundum simul complecti*; but that will not be; *Nam Deus non amat eor divisum.* A man cannot looke up to heaven with one eye, and downe to the earth with the other. *Amor Dei non est dividenda terrenis*; Christ would not have

have his Coat divided.

If thy heart be ſet on heaven, thy ſoule will have no pleaſure in theſe low things, looke upward. *Os homini ſublime dedit, cœlumque tueri.* The mind contemplating heaven, walks beyond eye-ſight, and at ſo farre a diſtance diſcernes God, as if he were at hand. There be certaine Subſapients ſo worldly wiſe as they thinke all other men inſipients. To converſe with God is true ſolace. *Moſes* was with God in the mountaine, and came downe gliſtering, his face ſhining. *Peter*, when hee was taken up to the mount, cryed, *Faciamus hic tria Tabernacula:* Who ever they bee that dwell in Contemplation of heavenly things, ſee viſions, and come off rich in thoughts. In this ſtate, ſaid *David*, I have had more joy of heart, than they whoſe wine and oyle increaſed.

Therefore if thy heart be right, thou needeſt not feare: But a heart and a heart God cannot abide.

bide. *Cor extenſum* God loves. It is noted in nature, that the feare-fulleſt creatures have the largeſt hearts. Let the feare of God inlarge thy heart, and then you need not feare your day of death: *Nam dies iſte, quem tanquam extremum aliqui reformidant, tibi æternæ ſalutis erit.* Nor yet the face of death, for it will looke upon thee, *Facie non horrendâ, ſed blandâ; non terribili, ſed amabili.* Here is the difference, the good mans hope is even in death: The world-lover ends his hope and happineſſe, when he dyes: As *Ahab* ſaid to *Eliah*, ſo ſaith he to death, *Haſt thou found me, O mine enemy?* Whereas the other ſaith, as *David* ſaid to *Ahimaaz*, Let come and welcome, for *he is a good man, and commeth with good tidings.*

Plato diſcourſing unto one, *De contemptu mortis*, and ſpeaking ſtrangely upon it, was anſwered, *Fortiùs loqueris, quàm vivis: At ille dicebat, non quemadmodum vi-*

veret,

veret, ſed quemadmodum vivendum eſſet. For a weake mans rules may be better than the beſt mans actions. But however the Contemplation of death pleaſeth, the ſuffering of death will pinch. A man ſatisfied, that death is nothing but a bridge to convey over a tempeſtuous water to a calme ſhore; yet did not the word, *Ibis ad patres*, ſweeten the Contemplation, as did that wood caſt by *Moſes* into the waters of Marah, turning bitterneſſe into ſweetneſſe. The thought of death (though it bee but a gathering to our fathers) would be an unpleaſing ſtudy.

But feares being paſt, which are but ſhadowes, ſet off joyes the better, therefore now to ſee the joyes that death brings.

The

The joyes brought by death.

Per anguſta pervenitur ad anguſta: The ſoule of joy lyes in the Soules joy. It was *Sampſons* Riddle, *Out of the bitter came ſweet.* The good mans quality is to looke through death at glory. When we thinke upon the ſeparation of body and ſoule, then it is a ſweet Contemplation to conſider the conjunction of our bodies and ſoules with Chriſt; which being made by the bond of the ſpirit in this life, ſhall never afterwards be cancelled. For let death, wilde beaſts, or birds devoure and teare the body from the ſoule, yet neither body nor ſoule are thereby ſevered from Chriſt.

Non curo, ſaith *Ignatius*, *ſi ferarum dentes me moluerint, modò pura ſim farina Chriſto.*

And yet the body thus conſumed,

med, lives not in the grave, nor belly of the beaſt, nor yet receives life or ſenſe from the ſoule, nor hath aptitude in it ſelfe to reanimation, whileſt it is in this Seat.

The dead tree, ſaith *Job*, *by the ſent of water will bud againe, but man is ſicke and dyeth, and where is hee?* Surely not loſt, but layed a while at reſt.

But when the great Aſſiſes, that generall *venite* comes; Then looke what the condition of Chriſt was in his death, the like ſhall be of his members. The body and Soule of Chriſt were ſevered as farre as heaven and the grave were diſtant; yet neither of them were parted from the God-head: So likewiſe our bodies and ſoules, though rent and pulled in ſunder millions of miles diſtant; yet neither of them are ſevered or diſ-joyned from Chriſt our head.

Qui prædixit, Revixit, and this hath wrought it. Humane wiſedome cannot comprehend this:

Weake

Weake faith lookes for meanes, and is put to ſhifts, when ſhee ſees them faile; and yet Reaſon miniſters helpe to faith, though it bee no ground of Faith. *Nam fides non tollit, ſed potius extollit rationem.* Reaſon, the chiefeſt peece of man, would, but cannot reach ſo high. Grace that hath taken up her ſeat in the Soule, makes Reaſon ſee what Nature cannot: And yet man, doe what he can, is ſtill apt to ſeeke a reaſon why hee ſhould beleeve. But Omnipotency, which workes by improbabilities, tels us, there is no ſtrong faith where there is apparant meanes. Difficulties and improbabilities are the proper objects of faith; *Crede, quod non vides, & videbis, quod non credis.*

Philoſophers ſay, that credulity upon weak grounds, is the daughter of Folly. But as opinion is owing unto reaſon, ſo is Faith to Religion. With them, to beleeve nothing for which they ſaw not reaſon, was counted wiſedome.

But

But faith is not faith if reaſon comprehend it; Faith and Reaſon have their limits; where Reaſon ends, Faith beginnes: Of old it was the greateſt argument for proofe of Chriſtianity, the proceeding of it contrary to reaſon.

In Nature we ſee that in Winter ſeaſon, trees which ſeeme as dead, revive againe in the Spring: becauſe the Body, Graines, and Armes of the Tree are joyned to the root, where the Sap lyes all the Winter, and by meanes of conjunction it conveyes vegetation to all parts of the Tree: Even ſo mens bodies have their Winter, when they are turned into duſt. *Homo arbor inverſa, cujus radix in cœlis, rami in terra.* Mans life lyes hid in Chriſt with God; Yet in the day of Reſurrection, by reaſon of this Myſticall Conjunction, divine and quickening vertue ſhall ſtreame from Chriſt to his Elect, and cauſe them to reſurge from grave to life eternall. For the head

head wil not be without the members; where he is, there they ſhall be alſo. Therefore incredulous Nature ſhrink not at the poſſibility of Reſurrection when the God of Nature undertakes it.

It is noted how in that transfiguration, the body of *Moſes* which was hid in the valley of Moab, appeared in the hill of Tabor, which aſſures that this body of ours, lodge it where you wil, is not loſt, but laied up to be raiſed to glory, as it was laid downe in duſt.

The incineration and diſſipation of this duſt ſhall have a recollection in the day of reſurrection.

In the valley of dead bones, did not the Spirit ſay to *Ezechiel*, Propheſie upon theſe bones, and ſay, *O ye dry bones, I will cauſe breath to enter into you, I will lay ſinewes upon you, and will bring up fleſh, and you ſhall live. Awake then, and ſing, you that dwell in duſt*, ſaith *Eſay*, for thy dew is as the dew of hearbs: and the earth ſhall caſt out her dead.

I know, saith *Job*, *that my Redeemer liveth, and I shall see God face to face.* Our bodies, you see, are not cast off by death, but put to new making. Therefore Saint *Bernard* upon the losse of his friend, expostulates thus with death; *Occidisti, possedisti, Sed, quid? corpus, non animam: & veniet aliquando Christus cum potestate, & majestate carnem illam quærere, & illud corpus cadaverosum configurare corpori claritatis suæ.*

It is well for man, that his body by death becomes putrid, resolved and crumbled to nothing, else how would some mens corps be honoured, if not adored, after death.

Sleepe saith now unto her Sister Death, *Awake thou that sleepest, for now is your salvation nearer, than when you beleeved.*

Why then should a man immoderately sorrow, since sorrow is good for nothing but for sinne; or grieve for the death of a friend; since

since, as *Seneca* saith, It is but envy, not sorrow? Now that the child is dead, wherefore should I fast or weepe, said *David?* Griefe preceding evill, if it bee used for a remedy, cannot be too much: But that which followes an evill past remedy, cannot bee too little. The arest of death shal not alwaies keep him that lyes downe in peace.

The bodies of Saints, saith *Austine*, shall be raised, *Tantâ facilitate quantâ felicitate*, with as much ease as happinesse: *Num mors tantùm intermittit vitam, non eripit*; it doth not disanull, but discontinue life. And by our rising wee are remitted to our better right: A life which never dyes, a morning that hath no Eve nor ending.

Now me thinkes I heare death say of life, as *John Baptist* said of Christ, *Hee that commeth after mee, is before me.*

O sweet word! Life, the best Monosyllable in the world, Gods owne attribute: *Deus vivit*, And

my ſoule (ſaith *Job*) *ſhall live, for my Redeemer liveth.*

And is this life but the child of death? then bleſſed alſo bee the word *death*, the mother of life, *I will no more call thee Marah, but Naomi*; for thou art not bitter, but ſweet, more pleaſant, though ſwifter in thy gate than the Roe or Hinde. The Stoike could ſay, *Mors eſt quæ efficit, ut naſci non ſit ſupplicium.* But what ſaith Saint *John? I heard a voyce from heaven, ſaying, Write; Bleſſed are the dead which dye in the Lord, they dye no more, death hath no more power over them. All teares are wiped from their eyes.* *Petronella* the daughter of Saint *Peter, febre moritur: rogatus Petrus, cur non illi ſicut aliis ſuccurreret, hoc illi præſtare reſpondit,* It was better for her to dye.

Compare life with death, and you will clearely ſee, how death, which ſeemes to diſpoſſeſſe us of all, puts us in poſſeſſion of more

more than that all:

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
Tendimus in Latium, sedes ubi fata quietas Ostendunt.

It is but being which we have by birth. A better being is by death: *Esse naturæ est, bene esse gratiæ, optimum esse gloriæ.* Mans happy being is Eternity. Gods proper Name is, Being. Being is our Christen name.

Faine would man bee happy while he lives: But the world will scarce afford him a vacation unto sorrowes. No man can speake him happy, that hath a day to live. *Nescit enim quid serus vesper vehat.* There is divine Philosophy in that saying, *Others bring foorth the best wine first, but thou bringest that which is best last.* The end of man is better than man, whose birth is Sinne, his life Folly, his death Rottennesse.

Though we cannot brag of our Parentage, becauſe *our father was an Amorite, our mother an Hittite*; And it is but a windy happineſſe that is ſought in titles taken upon others credit: yet it was happineſſe to me, that God wrapt mee up in his Covenant, reſerved me for a time of truth, derived me of religious Parents, and made me a ſubject to vertuous and gracious Kings. Yet this birth brought me into a world of miſeries, allowing no ceaſing from ſorrowes: *Ne natalem quidem excepit.* For crying was the firſt note of my being, *Calamitatis futuræ Propheta.*

Here I dwell cottaged in a houſe of clay, whoſe foundation is duſt: but Death brings mee to an habitation made without hands, everlaſting in the heavens. *Ad excelſa ſublatus inter felices currit animus, excipitque illum cœtus ſacer*; Where for Love, I ſhall be a Son; for Birthright, an Heire; for Dignity, a King. Here I have converſed,

verſed, and had commerce with men, there I ſhall have communion with Saints, fellowſhip with Angels; enjoy *viſionem illam beatificam*, the immediate fruition of God and Chriſt.

O happy and ſafe condition of Gods children, whom paine thus eaſeth, Death revives, diſſolution unites, ſinne glorifies.

Old father *Jacob*, when he was told of his ſonne *Joſephs* power in Egypt, was not ſatisfied to heare of his honours, but enquires of his life: Intimating, that life to come, is better than all the honours that are in Egypt, or fortunes that are on earth. Nor yet did *Joſephs* life content him without his being with him. (For a good heart will be content to ſhare with others in their miſeries unbidden, but cannot endure to be happy alone,) and therefore ſaid, I will goe ſee him: counting it better to behold with the eye, than to walke in deſires: for indeed the

best things that are, pleasure us not in their being, but in our enjoying them.

The joy of Soule and Body at their meeting.

HAppinesse communicated, doubles it selfe; these two Cousins, Soule and Body, as *Mary* and *Elizabeth*, will hasten to meet in the hill Countrey. And what then shall be the joy, when soule and body separate for a season, (although in the interim the Soule doth not wander and obambulate) shall meet againe in joy, and mutually enjoy one the other?

The sense of this delight and contentment did well appeare in that meeting betwixt *Jacob* and *Joseph*, when mutuall losse and separation for a while did more endeare each to other.

Intermission of comfort hath this

this advantage, that it ſweetens our delight more in the returne, than was abated in the forbearance.

And was *Jacob* glad to leave his Countrey, and the land of Promiſe, to ſee his younger ſonne *Joſeph*, though in Egypt? What then ſhall bee the Soules joy, to end a pilgrimage in a ſtrange land, and goe to ſee her elder brother Chriſt in heaven? In this reſpect, *Cupio diſſolvi* was Saint *Pauls* wiſh. For this tedious mortality, pleaſant it how man can, will grow intolerable, if Death doe not disburthen it. Long living ſo lodes us with ſinne, as ſinne it ſelfe tyres at laſt him that loved it beſt.

It is an Inmate that will rooſt with us as long as life affords it houſe-roome, nor will it lodge alone, but ſtill one ſinne will bring in another.

But through Death, the very body of Death, and burthen of

ſinne, are caſt out both togeather.

Sith then the life I now leade is beſet with Death, tends to Death, ends in Death, I will no longer miſtake tearmes, calling that Death which is life, that life which is Death: *Hanc eſſe mortem, quam nos vitam putamus: Illam vitam, quam nos pro morte timemus*, but will hold with Saint *Auguſtine*:

Per vitam ad mortem tranſitus eſt: per mortem ad vitam reditus eſt.

Death the Regeneration of the Soule.

I Thinke the Pagans had ſome ſenſe of this, who did celebrate the day of their death with mirth, and the day of their birth with mourning. And the conceit of thoſe Philoſophers was divine, who

who held, that although the Soule of man was then infused when man was made, yet is it new borne when man dyes. His body being the wombe, Death the Midwife which delivers that to sorrow, this to glory.

Returne thou to thy rest, O my Soule, for God hath dealt bountifully with thee.

I can no otherwise joy in my birth, than did the Prophet *Jeremiah*, who said, *Let not the day wherein my mother bare mee, bee blessed.*

If we observe mans ingresse into the world, his progresse in it, his egresse out of it, wee must needs wonder, and say with *David*, *Lord, what is man?*

Quis parvet? Quis flet? Quis eget?

Quis errat? Solus (Heu sortes) Homo.

Sperat, optat, alget, voluit, explorat, queritur. Malorum omnia plena.

But to assure there are joyes in Death, what saith the Scripture to well-dying men?

Rejoyce, and lift up your heads, for now your Redemption draweth neere. This body shall rise a glorious body, be a Spirituall body, not in Substance, but in quality: like that body of the Sonne of God.

Unto you that feare God, saith the Prophet *Malachy, The Sonne of Righteousnesse shall arise with healing in his wings.*

The

The third generall Diviſion.

III.

When Death is to bee prepared for; and how.

The time when.

PLato, that *Deus Philoſophiæ*, ſaith, There is *nulla ſalutaris Philoſophia*, but *perpetua mortis meditatio*. And *ſine iſta meditatione tranquillo eſſe animo nemo poteſt*. Dreadfull Death laughs at the vaine conceits and precepts of humane tranquillity. It is, ſaith *Scipio*, the moſt honourable Philoſophy, to ſtudy a mans mortality:

lity : *Mortis meditatio eſt vita ſapientis:* Politikes ſay, *Tota vita diſcendum eſt vivere.* But ſaith *Seneca*, *Hoc magis miraberis, Tota vita diſcendum eſt mori.* The Divine ſaith beſt, *Cogita de fine infinito, & vives in infinitum.*

Fooles would faine doe at laſt, that which wiſe men doe at firſt: Prepare for their end. Careleſſe men thinke the Signiory of time is at their command, to doe what they liſt, when they liſt. Indeed youth and age are meaſured by government, not by time: Time it ſelfe is *menſura Temporis* : but wee muſt conſider, wee have little power over the preſent, leſſe over the future. *Davids* example is worth the following, who cryed, *Betimes, Lord, let me know mine end, and the meaſure of my dayes, what it is, and how long I have to live. All the dayes of mine appointed time,* ſaith *Job, I will watch till my changing ſhall come.*

Time it ſelfe, which covers all thats

thats paſt, and diſcovers all that is to come, hath now had all his changes: Natures time is paſt, The Law which ſucceeded is aboliſhed. Now is the Goſpels time, after which there ſhall be no more changes.

Change (the great Maſter of the world) that hath this time for his Agent, abuſeth many with the hope of Time. It is true, There is nothing our owne but time, which is a ſervant equall to all, holds pace, and flyes as faſt in idleneſſe as in buſineſſe:

So that though time well ſpent diminiſhes our time, yet when it is imployed in timely preparation, it layes up time as treaſure for a future time; and thus is rather a husbanding, than conſuming of time. *Diem perdidimus*, ſaid *Veſpaſian*. He lives in ſafety, that watches his time: but in reckoning of time moſt men miſcaſt it, counting for firſt, that which is laſt; and that laſt, which is firſt: beginning the account

count from the day of birth: whereas our deaths day, is our first day: for the last of life, is the first day to life, wee then ceasing to dye, when we leave to live.

Solebat dicere Fabianus; In tria tempora vita dividitur: Quod est, Quod fuit, Quod futurum est: Ex his, quod agimus breve est; Quod acturi sumus, dubium; Quod egimus, certum.

Reckon first with time past, and you may make time to come certaine. *Nondum venit hora*, deceives many a man; but when the Sunne comes to the Meridian, the yeere to the Solstice, then looke for a turning of thy dayes.

The Sceptieks put a *fortasse* upon all things in the world. But saith Saint *Augustine*, There is no one thing in the world to be named, where this word *fortasse* had no place, except you speake of Death: *Hic solùm fortasse locum habere non potest.*

It may be said of Death, as is of the

the Kingdome of Heaven, It comes not by obſervation. Hee lives not, that knowes where, when, or how hee ſhall dye. Yet none lives, but knowes hee muſt dye.

Mors omnibus finis, multis remedium, quibuſdam votum : de nullis melius merita, quàm quibus accidit, antequam vocaretur. Therefore ſaid one, *Dementiæ eſt*, it is more than folly not to be prepared for death. *Sed ſi mortem venientem præmeditamur, tunc ſuperatur.* The preparation for Death, makes a fruition of life. *Nemo propter canos & rugas diu vixit*; yet never man preſerved himſelfe from dying, by forgetting Death. *Gerſon* brings in an Engliſh-man asking a French-man, *Quot annos habes?* How many yeeres are you? His anſwer was, *Annos non habeo*, I am of no yeeres at all, but Death hath forborne mee theſe fifty yeeres.

The very Heathens through Natures inſtinct, provided themſelves

ſelves for Death by Sacrifices to their gods.

Frange Toros, Pete vina, Roſas cape, Tangere nardos;

Ipſe jubet mortis te meminiſſe Deus.

A faire way of dying well.

SAlomon ſaying, that *the day of death was better than the day of birth*, inferred that there was a faire way of dying well, whereunto two things were moſt requiſite.

Firſt, a timely preparation before death was moſt requiſite.

Nam facile ſuſtinet, qui expectat mortem.

That Oracle of Morall men wiſe *Seneca* was wont to ſay, *Sæpe debemus*

debemus mori, nec volumus; morimur, nec volumus. We ought often to prepare for death, and will not: at last wee dye indeed, and would not.[x] *Cæsar Borgias* being sicke to death, said, When I lived, I provided for every thing; but Death; now I must dye, and am unprovided to dye.

Previous preparation becomes a wise man, *Sed in hoc errore omnes versamur, quòd non putamus nisi senes ad mortem vergere; citamur nec sensu, nec ætate. Mors, quo faciliùs obrepat, sub ipso vitæ nomine latet.*

Procrastination is the great enemy to preparation. This *vox Corvina*, that alwayes cryes, *Cras, cras*, couzens many a man, making him *perdere hodiernum*, trusting upon to morrow. Saith *Tibullus, Jam mala finissem letho, sed credula vitam spes alit, & melius cras fore, semper ait*: but trust not to that: *Ille sapit, quisquis Posthume, vixit heri.* Wee pray daily, Lord give us this day our daily bread.

Dum

x y bastard of pope Alexy 6t

Dum dicitur, Hodiè, we should remember, Life is but a day, *Dies, non seculum.* Wherefore saith *Salomon, Talke not of to morrow, nescis enim quid superventura pariet dies.*

By deferring wee presume upon that we have not, and neglect that we have.

Quod in manu fortunæ positum est, disponimus; quod in tua est, dimittis: which made the Heathen Poet, *divino furore instinctum,* utter *hoc salutare carmen,*

Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit.

Therefore, *noli tardare,* delay not thy prepare for death, till the approaches of Death. *Recordare novissimum, & non peribis in æternum.*

In evils to be prevented, delay is a kinde of ease, not so in good things.

Doe therefore the worke of the day

day *in die ſuo*. No man can promiſe himſelfe a morrow.

Fleres, ſi ſcires unum tua tempora menſem:

Rides, cùm non ſit forſitan una dies.

Every man hath his day. Jeruſalem, *hadd'eſt thou knowne this but in this thy day*, thou wouldeſt not, &c. *Eſt & dies hominis, & dies Domini.* When mans day is paſt, then Gods day comes. *Nam vita eſt niſi vigilia*, The eve of another day.

A man, ſaith *Luther*, lives forty yeeres before hee knowes himſelfe to bee a foole; and by that time he ſees his folly, his life is finiſhed. So men dye before they beginne to live.

The caſe therefore of thoſe men is moſt unhappy, who after forty or fifty yeeres of dayes, in their miſ-ſpent time (for it was but

but *tempus*, not *vita*) and now ready to dye, are even then to learne how to dye, when they are in the Act of dying.

Quæ tam ſtulta mortalitatis oblivio,
Inde velle vitam inchoare ; quò pauci perduxerimus ?

Deferring as well as preſuming, makes many men implicite Atheiſts.

It was a ſweet ſpeech, and might well have become an elder body, which a young innocent childe of my owne uſed in extremity of ſickneſſe, Mother, what ſhall I doe? I ſhall dye before I know what Death is. I beſeech you tel me what is Death, and how I ſhould dye. *Certe multum intereſt, peccare aliquis nolit, an neſcit.* But there is *nil miſerius morienti, quàm neſcire mori*; nay, ſaith one, *Tolerabilius eſt non eſſe, quàm neſcire mori.*

Sith

Sith then it is a thing as well naturall as neceſſary for a man to dye, it is no thanks to a man to pay that willingly, which he muſt doe of neceſſity. But in paying of this debt, wiſedome counſels two things:

Firſt, to conſider the time when.

Secondly, the meanes, how.

For the time; Seeke not Death in the errour of thy life. *Remember thy Creator in the dayes of thy youth, while the evill dayes come not, nor the yeeres approach wherein thou ſhalt ſay, I have no pleaſure in you. Before the ſilver cord bee looſed, the golden Ewer broken: Before the Almond tree flouriſh, and the Graſhopper bee a burthen: Before the keepers of the houſe ſhall tremble, the ſtrong men bow, the grinders ceaſe, they waxe darke that looke out of the windowes, and the daughters of Muſicke be brought low.*

Old *Barzillai* being in this caſe, refuſed all the pleaſures of a Kings houſe,

house, though he was kindly intreated by the King himselfe.

Age or sickness will make a man unapt either to compose, or dispose himselfe to death. *Tunc tibi tarda fluunt, ingrataque tempora.* It is no fit time then to prepare to dye, when it is a burthen to live; So in the Law, God required the first fruits, not the Lees for his portion.

Old age it selfe is a yong death: for Age solicits Death, Youth scornes it. Thy best health affords but time good enough for this businesse. Therefore dedicate not all thy time to businesse, for that as wel as sloth may rob thee of thy time. Some Talents improve most by laying up.

Three signes of approaching Death.

DOe you desire some signes of death, before you prepare your

your ſelfe for death? *Tres ſunt mortis nuntii, caſus, infirmitas, ſenectus. Caſus dubia, infirmitas gravia, ſenectus certa denunciat. Caſus nuntiat mortem latentem, infirmitas apparentem, ſenectus præſentem.* Age and ſickneſſe ſummon men to their diſſolution.

When *Ezechiah* had beene ſicke unto death, he wrote thus: *In the cutting off my dayes, I ſhall goe to the gates of the grave. I rerkoned to the morning, I ſhall walke weakly all my yeares, in the bitterneſſe of my ſoule.*

Thus it fareth with every man in age or ſickneſſe; when a man begins to be ſicke, his ſenſes are wholly buſied about the diſeaſe. The Phyſician is then conferring with him of the ſtate of his body. The Lawyer is then conſulted with about thy worldly ſtate. The Miniſter touching thy ſoules health. Thy friends are then unwelcome; Strangers trouble thee; Viſits offend thee; thy owne ſervants cannot pleaſe thee; Other

mens

mens diſcourſes tire thee; to ſpeak thy ſelfe ſpends thee; and to be ſilent grieves thee; not to be told how thou doeſt, vexes thee; to be told how ill thou art, diſcomforts thee; but it moſt of all afflicts thee, to ſee thy wife and children (thoſe peeces of thy ſelfe in another kind) weeping and lamenting by thee.

Thus miſerably wee poore men at this time are diſtreſſed, and diſtracted, made unfit for any thing, when as God knowes a due preparation for death, requires all the faculties and ſtrength of a ſound, perfect, and whole man.

Thinke not to ſerve God with thy dotage, when thou haſt ſerved thy pleaſures with thy youth; God for his ſervice will have the young *Iſaac* of thine age. You ſhall not ſee my face, ſaith *Joſeph*, *except you bring your younger brother with you.*

Every man naturally, when hee comes neere the goale of death, even

even for ſome intrinſecall cauſe, though unknowne to himſelfe, is then weary of himſelfe, and entertaines life with a tedious diſlike. *Tunc injucunda eſt rei pœnitendæ recordatio*, diſtaſting every thing, neglecting the very thought of all humane affaires.

Nec juveni luſus qui placuere juvant.

In the ſtraits of death, then he prayes, God deliver me; then hee thinkes, O how I am ſtraitned till it be accompliſhed, *Abyſſus abyſſum invocat*, Sad words, breathing ſorrowes.

But this ſhould have been done, when ſtrength of underſtanding ſerved, *Nam ſerum eſt tunc vivere incipere, cùm deſinendum.*

The little Bee, ſo ſoone as flowers ſpring, goes abroad, views the gay Diapery, and the diverſity of the flowery fields, ſucks the ſweeteſt of them, fraights her thighes,

makes a curious combe, and ſo betimes hoards up Honey in Summer againſt the Winter.

Mors hyems eſt; orate ne fiat fuga veſtra hyeme. Why is the winter harder to the Graſhopper than to the Ant? Prudency in one, and imprudency in the other differs them. To a wiſe heart, expectation of the event is a great advantage.

Thinke not thou the winter of thine age, a time fit enough for this worke. *Manna* muſt bee gathered in the morning; the orient pearle is generated of the morning dew.

It is too late, when time is paſt, before you beginne. Happy is the man, who improves the dayes of his youth to the prevention of evill. It is ſaid of Father *Jacob*, who was a great Traveller, that before he dyed, *Pedes ſuos ad ſe collegit: Sic tu animi pedes.* Thoſe cogitations and affections, *quibus vivens totum orbem peragraſti*: Gather them

them up, and then repoſe to reſt. Beginne not then to turne to God, when thou canſt not turne thee in thy bed. None can bee good too early. Chriſt in all his Examples meant our Inſtructions; hee went up to the Temple in his Nonage. The foure Ages of men are reſembled to the foure vigils of the night; *Prima pueritiam*; *Secunda adoleſcentiam*; *Tertia virilem*; *Quarta ſenectutem adumbrat*: The firſt and laſt are ſleepy Ages; the other are the vigorous times. Therefore *paret ſe homo, præcingat ſe ſecunda & tertia.* Theſe are the watches Chriſt mentions for his comming.

Repentance when to be practiſed.

REpentance alſo in the time of ſickneſſe is commonly as ſicke as the party, yeelding then, when it cannot reſiſt; and then preparing and repenting, when

all other helpes and hopes faile.

Truſt not long life, nor late repentance. One ſaith well, Play not the Courtier with your ſoule. The Courtier doth all things late, riſes late, dines late, ſups late, repents late.

Sera pœnitentia rarò vera.

The dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning.

The end of time affords little time, *Omnis motus naturalis velocior eſt in fine.* Holy *Job* tels us, *If thy bones be full of the ſinne of thy youth, they will lye downe with thee in the duſt. Sed moriantur ante mortem vitia, & ad judicium non ſequantur.* When death hath foulded up thy dayes, all opportunity is paſt. The cocke crowed; but that *Gallicinium*, ſo ſhrill a voyce could not awake thee. Therefore *Cygnicinium*, that dolefull muſicke muſt end the Scene.

Doe therefore by thy conſcience, as men deale with their Stewards,

Stewards, call it to account *ante mortem, & audies mortem dicentem, Non poſſis vellicare amplius*; Ply time while you have it, *Mercatum hanc vitam puta, ſed nec nundinæ poſt hanc vitam nec quæſtus loci.*

In a long miſ-led life we amaſſe many ſinnes; it will aske great labour to quit them. Great labour and little time ſuit not. Therefore worke while it is day. *The night commeth when no man can worke.* Watch and pray, *Sit oratio clavis diei, & ſera noctis. Few and evill are the dayes* of the longeſt lived man; Yet to every man there is a *Triduum*, a ſpace of three dayes lent, but ſleepe not, *uſque Quatriduum*, leſt it be ſaid, *Hee hath lyen foure dayes in the grave: Jam fœtat.*

One obſerveth, that God reſtored life to three men; to one in his bed, to another on the beare, to the third in the grave.

They that conceive ſinne in

their hearts, are like to him that was dead in his bed. They that bring it forth to action, are like him that was brought forth dead on his beare. But they that deferre and continue in ſinne, are like him that was foure dayes dead and ſtanke in his grave.

There is no ſafety in procraſtinating; therefore flatter not thy ſelfe by the theeves example, who repented, but in *illa hora.* That is not put for imitation, but to keepe from deſperation.

It is a ſtrange thing to ſee that old men will not ſee death, though it be before their faces; nor young men, though it ſtand at their backes. The old gray-headed man to ſeeme young, had coloured his haire blacke, but the devill told him he would not bee ſo cozened.

Non omnes fallis, ſcit te Proſerpina canum.

If men marke things well,

Mundus ipſe ſeneſcit.

The common faſhion is to put men in mind of their death, when we doubt they cannot live: Till the Phyſician finde ſome ill ſymptomes, the patient may not be diſheartned with the name of death. *Zenas* the Lawyer, and *Luke* the Phyſician muſt have given us over, before wee will ſend for *Barnabas* the ſonne of Conſolation: But at this time draw not the Curtaine before the ſicke, but let him ſee his ſinnes, for hee is the good Phyſician of my ſoule, that tels me of death, when he ſees mee live in ſinne.

There is not any man ſo wicked, who with his good will would dye in his ſinne; yet moſt men ſo live, as if they beleeved permiſſion were the Article of their faith all their life long: and the Article of Remiſſion of ſinnes

were reſerved till the point of death. No man that truly repents is refuſed at any time, but many a one ſinnes ſo long that he cannot repent.

Terrible will death be, when the dying man with griefe for opportunity loſt, wil repent that ever he lived, and would count it happineſſe enough to dye, ſo hee might then ceaſe to be. But that will not be, *Quia mors eſt ſine morte, ſemper vivit, ſemper occidit, ſed nunquàm præoccidit.*

That which ends all is without all end. Remember the fooliſh Virgins: It will be too late to prepare oyle, when the Bridegroome is comming. The warning is given, *Be ye ready, for the Sonne of man comes at an houre: Non dicit annum, aut menſem, cùm ne ſecurus per horam conſtet.* He ſaith, *Ecce venio ſicut fur*; that is, when you ſleepe beſt, and think leaſt of him: *Dum nec mortem irruentem, nec Judicem venientem, nec ſupplicium horrendum vidimus.*

Settlement

Settlement in Religion is the beſt preparative for death.

NOw as it is wiſedome to bee prepared for death; ſo if you will dye with peace of conſcience, and without trouble of mind, be well reſolved in point of Religion before you dye: play not the hypocrite, nor the politicke, who cares not what Religion be, ſo ſome be; whoſe rule is, *Religio ad morem, non ad rem pertinet.*

It is true that honeſt men muſt have ſomewhat of the Serpent, not all of the Dove. For policy and Religion doe as wel together, as they doe ill aſunder. Religion without policy is too ſimple to be ſafe: Policy without Religion is too ſubtle to be good. Worſe than both is prophane Newtrality, or *Laodicean* coldneſſe. Never any man was a loſer by beleeving: for

faith is ever recompenced with glory; while thou livedſt, it was not amiſſe to make doubts; for it ſhews wit to move a queſtion wel, and it ſhewes judgment to reſolve well. Some queſtions argue rather faith than doubt. In multitude of opinions there is but one truth, and amongſt ſundry truths there is but one neceſſary to ſalvation. But in points of difference diſtinguiſh. For in reconcileable differences, nothing is more ſafe than indifferency. But in maine oppoſitions be not newter: for it is a leſſe eye-ſore to God to goe upright in a wrong way, than to halt in a right way.

Though you move doubts, yet dwell not in doubt. For you ſhall finde it a fearefull thing to dye in doubt; and the comfortableſt thing under heaven, to be well aſſured, and cleerely reſolved in the truth of your faith before you dye.

Some love to ſee the object of their faith, and ſo are led to idolatry:

latry: Others to co-operate in the worke of their ſalvation, and ſo give part to merit. *Nil tibi tribuas*, is ſafeſt. There is danger in aſcribing too little to grace, for that robs God of honour. But if we aſcribe too little to our ſelves, there is no danger on that ſide.

When this is done, then bee of good cheere, for thou ſhalt heare Chriſt (the life of thy hope here, and hope of thy life hereafter) ſay unto thy ſicke ſoule, as he ſaid unto the ſinfull woman, *Goe in peace, thy faith hath ſaved thee, enter thou into thy Maſters joy.*

And let all conceited humaniſts remember what their maſter *Ariſtotle* ſaid when hee dyed: *Anxius vixi, dubius morior: O Ens entium, miſerere mei.*

Sed parum prodeſt amodo miſerere mei.

Now

Now of the way to dye well.

NOn eſt res magna vivere: Hoc omnes faciunt: ſed pauci bene moriuntur. Et illi Mors gravis incubat, qui notus nimis omnibus, ignotus moritur ſibi. Man is ready to dye before he lives, but therefore liveth a time in the world, that he may dye betimes to the world. *His yeeres come to an end as a tale that is told:* his dayes deceive him, for they paſſe as a ſhadow by Moonſhine, then appearing longeſt, when they draw neereſt to an end.

Things give counſell unto men, better than men doe to the things. Here we dwell but in Tents; and Tents, we know, are ſet up to bee taken downe againe ſhortly.

Wee that live here, live by death; for had not Chriſt dyed, wee had not lived; hee dyed for ſinne, we live in ſinne. Therefore with

with Saint *Paul* I will ſay, *My life is not deare unto mee, ſo as I may finiſh my courſe with joy.*

Doe you deſire to live a long time? The ſonne of *Sirach* ſaith, *A man that is made perfect in a ſhort time, fulfils a long time. Et vita ipſa, ſi ſcias uti, longa eſt.* The Spaniard ſaith, *Vir bonus bis vivit. Ampliat ætatis ſpatium ſibi vir bonus; hoc eſt Vivere bis, vita poſſe priori frui.* He lives twice that beſtowes the fore-part of his life well.

Vincere ſcis Hannibal, uti victoria neſcis.

Alexander had a good account of his age, reckoning by victories, not by dayes; So ſhould good men count their dayes by the good they doe, or the ſinne they conquer in that day.

Numbring of dayes, ſaith Saint *Auguſtine*, is not *numerus dierum quis ſit*, but *qui ſit*, that's the golden number.

Tres ſunt dies hominum, ſaith S. *Hierome*, *dies converſionis*, *dies con-*

ver-

versationis, dies resurrectionis. And thus doth one day certifie another.

Time lent us flyes away in the time that is lent us, every moment comming, being the death of that is past: Therefore weigh well every least moment; for it is of so great moment, as that upon it depends eternity of time to come, that eternity which is not bounded within the Kalender of time.

THe Art of dying well is better learn't by practice, than by precept.

Unto dying well three things are most requisite:

1 First, to be often meditating upon death.

2 Secondly, to bee dying daily.

3 Thirdly, to dye by little and little.

The first step of dying well.

OFten meditation of Death, brings a man to dye in ease; for it alleviates paines, expels feares, eases cares, cures sinnes, corrects Death it selfe.

Quo modo non morimur, cùm vivitur mortuis? we live with so many deaths about us, as wee cannot but often thinke of dying.

Every humour in us engenders diseases enow to kill us, so that our bodies are but living graves, and wee dye, not because wee are sicke, but because wee live. And when wee recover from sickness we escape not sickness, but the disease.

Doe as the Preacher counsels; What thou hast to doe, that doe quickly; For in the grave, whither thou goest, there is neither worke, nor discourse, nor travell, nor

nor wiſedome, nor converſation, nor fruition of any thing; all is entombed in ſadneſſe, darkeneſſe overſhadowing it.

Play then the wiſe mans part; Meaſure not life, *ſpatio, ſed actu.* Life is ordained for Action, not for fruition. If thou haſt any good to doe for the Church, the Common-wealth, or thy Friends, *fac citò:* for though hee be happieſt that can enjoy a little with the peace of an honeſt heart, yet if thou haſt much goods laid up in ſtore, make thee friends with thy Mammon: *nam bona tua ſunt bona, ſi tu ſis bonus.* Though Security reſts in a meane ſtate, yet there is pleaſure in abundance; and for Spiritual ends, Temporal bleſſings may be deſired. *Abraham* was rich in great meaſure, but rich in faith above meaſure. But ſing not a *requiem* to thy ſoule; nor ſay vainly, *Vivamus dum vivimus, ſors fortunâ, ut volet, ordinet:* for ſo doth a minde uncertaine of ſucceſſe, releeve

leeve it ſelfe with poſſibility: *Sed ſi cor tuum non eſſet fatuum, non erederes fatuum.* Wiſedome is Fortunes miſtreſſe, wait on her, and remember, *Hac nocte*, the day of vanity being paſt, the night of Judgement comes: when both light and delight goe out together.

Excellently doth the Booke of Wiſdome deſcry the thoughts of a vaine voluptuous man. This man reaſoning with himſelfe but not aright, ſaith, Our life is ſhort and tedious, againſt Death there is no remedy, from the grave there is no returning; wee are borne at all adventures, and hereafter ſhall bee as if we had never beene: Our breath is ſmoake, a little ſparke in our hearts, which being extinct, our body turnes to aſhes, and our ſpirit vaniſhes like ſoft ayre. Come on therefore, let us enjoy the good things that are preſent, let us fill our ſelves with coſtly wine and oyntments: let no flower

flowre of the Spring paſſe by us: Let us crowne our ſelves with Roſe buddes, leave tokens of our jollity; for this is our portion, and our lot: let our ſtrength bee the law of Juſtice: for that which is feeble is nothing worth.

The righteous man is not for our turne, he is alwayes contrary to our doings, hee upbraideth us with the law, objects to our infamy the tranſgreſſion of our education: He was made to reprove us: Hee is therefore grievous to us, his life is not like other mens, his wayes are of another faſhion.

Such things theſe vaine men have imagined, but they are deceived: when they caſt up the account of their owne Sinnes, they ſhall come with feare, and ſay with ſorrow, This was hee whom wee had ſometimes in deriſion, and made a proverbe of reproach. Wee fooles accounted his life madneſſe, and his end to bee without

out honour.

But how is hee now numbred amongſt the happy, and his lot amongſt the Saints ? what hath pride profited us, or what hath riches with our vantings brought us ? All theſe are paſſed away like a ſhadow, and as a poſt that runneth by. This verifies that ſaying, *Breve eſt quod delectat, ſed æternum quod cruciat.*

In vaine doth man ſtrive to have that which hee cannot enjoy, or to enjoy much by meere relation. The rich man hath not ſo much advantage of the poore by enjoying, as the poore hath of the rich by leaving.

Sadly and ſuddenly ſhalt thou finde all worldly pleaſures turned into waking dreames.

Dormierunt ſomnum ſuum & nihil invenerunt omnes viri divitiarum, ſaith the Pſalmiſt.

Notwithſtanding, man while he lives,

lives, fancies many things, and covets without end; but all to no end. *Et quæ parasti, cujus erunt?* Either they passe from you, or you from them. *Non est nostrum, quod non est semper nostrum*: but these things, *Si non habent finem suum, habebunt finem tuum.* All the towers in the ayre that thou hast built, *uno ictu prosternentur.* Ere long two ells of earth shall serve, whom scarce a world could satisfie.

Privacy

Privacy with death, a ſoveraigne cordiall againſt Death.

THerefore bee acquainted with Death betimes, for through acquaintance Death wil loſe his horrour; like unto an ill face, though it bee as formidable as a Monſter, yet often viewing will make it familiar, and free it from diſtaſte. Death is blacke, but comely. *Philoſtrates* lived ſeven yeeres in his tombe, that he might be acquainted with it againſt his bones came to lye in it.

Some Philoſophers have beene ſo wrapt in this Contemplation of death and immortality, that they diſcourſe ſo familiarly and pleaſingly

ſingly of it, as if a faire death were to bee preferred before a pleaſant life.

This is well for Natures part; and Moraliſts think this is enough for their part to conceive ſo: But Chriſtians muſt goe further, and ſearch deeper: They muſt try where the power of death lyes. They ſhall finde that the power of every mans death lyes in his owne ſinnes.

That death never hurts a man, but with his owne weapon: It alwayes turnes upon us ſome ſinne it findes in us. *The ſting of death is ſinne*: Plucke out the ſting, death cannot hurt us. The way to dye well, is to dye often. Let a man often and ſeriouſly thinke of dying, then let him ſinne if hee can, ſaid *Picus Mirandula*. And herein is our happineſſe; though wee live in ſinne, yet we dye without ſinne. Therefore to mee death is welcome, not as an end of troubles, but of ſinne.

The

The ſecond ſtep.

THe ſecond Step to dying well, is to dye daily.

Morior ne moriar, I dye daily, ſaith S. *Paul. Singulos dies, ſingulas vitas puta; qui enim omnes dies tanquàm vitam ordinat, craſtinum nec optat, nec timet.*

The old ſaying is a good one, Doe that every day, which thou wouldeſt doe the ſame day that thou dyeſt. *Bonum eſt conſumere vitam ante mortem:* But moſt men *de vita exeunt, antequam de morte cogitant.* Let be done willingly what we muſt doe neceſſarily, and what wee can doe but once, let that bee done well: Yeeld that readily as a gift, which you muſt pay as a debt at laſt. Did men think that death were only an end of life, and no more: every man for his owne ends would bee a diſturber

diſturber of the worlds peace while he lived, and make his owne peace but juſt when he dyed.

Hee that dyes daily, ſeldome dyes dejectedly: *facile contemnit mortem, qui ſe quotidiè moriturum putat:* likewiſe, hee that will live when hee dyes, muſt dye while hee lives. For if hee dye not to ſinne while he lives, his ſinne will live in him when he is dead.

The widow that lives in pleaſure (ſaid Saint *Paul*) *is dead while ſhee lives.* Live holily, and you ſhall dye happily: Live as though there were no Goſpell, but dye as though there were no Law. *Studeto talem eſſe in vita, qualem velit reperiri in morte.*

Two

Two ſorts of Death whereto every man living is Subject.

A Living man is ſubject to a double death: The one naturall, the other ſpirituall. Naturall Death doth but ſeparate the body from the ſoule: But ſpirituall Death ſeparates the ſoule from God. Of all other, it is the moſt deſperate ſtate of life to live naturally, and to bee dead ſpiritually: *Thou haſt a name to live, but thou art dead*, ſaid Saint *John* of the Church of *Sardis*. But of the Prodigall child returned from his evill wayes, it is ſaid, *This my ſonne was dead, but is now alive.*

In *Sardis* there grew an herbe called *Appium Sardis*, that would make a man lye laughing when he was deadly ſicke: Such is the operation of Sinne. Beware therefore

of this *Riſus Sardonicus.*

Wee count it a feareful thing for a man to bee author of his owne death, but a ſinfull life ſlayes the ſoule, and ſo while we live, wee kill or loſe our better life. The Commandement that ſayes, *Thou ſhalt not kill*, ſpecially forbids the murthering of our owne ſoules.

Certainly that which deprives us of our better life, makes of all other the worſt death.

It is therefore holy wiſedome for a man to let his ſinnes dye before him. *Moriantur ante te vitia*, They actually, thou vertually: that ſo when thou art to dye indeed, thou have nothing elſe to doe, but dye.

Mortem horres amaram, ſubitam, turbulentam: vis placidam, piam, quietam? in tua eſt poteſtate, qualem vis, efficere.

If Riches, Honours, Pleaſures, have taken thee, leave them ere they leave thee; and ſay unto them,

as

as *Job* ſaid to his friends, *Miſerable comforters are you all.*

Turba ejicitur, ut puella excitetur, ſaith S. *Marke*. Thy Soule lyes as that Damoſell in trances of death, while ſhee is in the chambers of pleaſure, and is not raiſed to life; *Antequàm turba curarum & delitiarum mundanarum ejicitur.*

There is nothing wherein wiſdome is more ſeene than in the temperate uſe of pleaſures and proſperity (which are but falſe notes of truth) nor is there a truer argument of folly than vainneſſe and exceſſe.

Oculi ſtultorum ſemper in finibus terræ, but traile not after them.

Sufficit diei dolor ſui: A dayes ſickneſſe will make us ſenſible of lifes griefe; yet if life doe delight thee (becauſe Ironies doe deny ſtrongeſt in affirming) *utere & fruere*. But take my counſell, keepe life in exerciſe of ſome calling. For you ſhall find that exerciſe is no more wholeſome for the body than

than the ſoule; wherefore to ſee well borne men to deſpiſe honeſt callings, as now adayes they doe, is a pride without wit. And though pride and idleneſſe have at this day baniſhed thrifty diligence out of great mens houſes, yet wee ſee gallant *Abſalom* was a great Sheep-maſter; *Uzziah* the potent king of Judah had not beene ſo great a King, had he not beene ſo great a husband: Good examples to teach us, That the fortunes of great men, and the bravery of Courtiers, muſt be built upon the grounds of Frugality: Frugality and Humility are thriving vertues: Were a calling but to keepe a man from Idleneſſe, it were a goodneſſe: for the induſtrious man is ſeldome at leiſure to ſinne; whereas the idle man hath neither leiſure nor power to avoyd ſinne. Induſtry in any calling makes a man capable of better imployment, whereas Idles are fit for nothing but temptations.

Time

Time ſpent in hollow viſits, *id eſt*, Courtings, Fantaſticke dreſſings, Lawleſſe diſports, all turne to loſſe.

But however thou entertaineſt life, uſe it as a traveller doth his Inne, for a night, and away: *Heri appuliſti, Cras decedes*: And in thy Journey follow not the common tracke, *Nam ad Deum faciens iter per vitia ſi itur, longiùs abitur*: But doe as a doubtfull Pilgrime, aske queſtions of every one you meet, to ſet you on your way, leſt, as Saint *Paul* ſaith, *A promiſe being made us of entring into reſt, we come ſhort of it*. Herein bee as great a queſtioniſt, as were thoſe religious Ladies of Rome, who never let Saint *Hierome* reſt for queſtions, which was the readieſt way to heaven. Some mens Queſtions are inſtructions, and are meant to teach rather than to learne. Yet in any caſe bee none of thoſe Queriſts, who muſt have a reaſon for every thing in Religion, who thinke to

come to God by cunning, and by reaſon, not by Faith. As if none but good wits could ever come to God. But this is true, Humane reaſon well improved makes us the more capable of Divine. Therfore it is an ignorant conceit, that skill ſhould make men *Atheous*, when wee finde it in the Goſpell, that no men were ſo apt to ſee the Starre of Chriſt, as thoſe wiſe men the Diſciples of Philoſophy.

Be dying daily, and you ſhall ſoone come to God. If a man would compare the forenoone of his age with the afternoone, and obſerve how long the one is, and how ſhort the other is, every man would be dying daily, and loth to loſe a day.

Palmares poſuiſti dies meos, the longeſt liver hath but a handfull of dayes, and life it ſelfe like a circle alwayes begins where it ends.

Erat, quando non erat; ſed erit.

Time

Time was, when man was not: but how late a beginning ſoever man had, yet after death hee ſhall bee ſure never to ſee end.

With the Ancient of dayes there are no dayes: And the time ſhall be, when time ſhall bee no more. *Supra eſt quod ſupereſt.*

Two common errours.

THere are two common errours which deceive moſt men:

Firſt, that a man enters not into eternall life till hee dyes: whereas his calling here begins his life eternall.

This day is ſalvation come unto thy houſe, ſaid Chriſt to *Zacheus*, when hee called him from the Tree.

Faith prevents time, and makes things future, preſent.

A pious man ſo lives here, as if

his converſation were in heaven, carrying himſelfe not only honeſtly, civilly, and humanely; but beyond naturall comportment: his preſent life ſeemes ſuperhumane, divine, and ſpirituall; and ſo by leading a life heavenly, begins heaven here. *Bleſſed is he*, ſaith Saint *Paul*, *that hath his part in the firſt Reſurrection, for the ſecond death ſhall have no power over him.*

The ſecond errour is, however a man lives, yet if at laſt he ſeeme to dye well, then all is well, and his ſoule is ſure to be ſaved: this is a bold and a dangerous conceit; for though Miſery bee the object of Mercy, and Hope the miſerable mans god; yet humane life as it hath not a greater friend, ſo many times not a greater foe than Hope. *Dilatio boni habet rationem mali*; ſuſpended hope is but a ſad comfort.

Yet many would dye, did not hope ſuſtaine them: but more have dyed flattered with vaine hope.

Not

Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdome of heaven. Enter into the first degree of life eternall here, or thou must dye eternally, with *Lord have mercy upon us* in thy mouth.

Wherefore I desire to have my part here in the first Resurrection, which is from sin to Grace: that so I may enjoy the second Resurrection, which is from dust to Glory.

Thou hast brought mee, saith *David, out of the dust of Death.*

To dye by little and little, the third step.

THe third step to dying well, is to dye by little and little. Naturally wee are every day dying by degrees: the faculties of our minds, the strength of our bodies, our common senses are every day decaying, *paulatim*, by little

and little: every ſinne is more than a diſeaſe, and a wicked life makes a continuall Death. *Impiè vivere eſt diu mori*; Therefore ſaith the good man, *Toto die mortificamur.*

He that uſeth this courſe every day to dye by little and little, to him let Death come when it will, it can neither bee terrible nor ſudden.

If we keepe a Courſer to runne a Race, wee leade him daily ore the place to acquaint him by degrees with all things in the way, that when hee comes upon his ſpeed, hee doe not ſtart or turne aſide for any thing he ſees. So let us inure our ſoules, and then *wee ſhall runne with boldneſſe the race that is ſet before us.*

To dye by little and little, is firſt to mortifie our leſſer ſinnes, and not to ſay with *Lot, Is't not a little one?*

We may not waſh our hands of crying, and from bloody ſins, and hug

hug in our bosomes beloved, and Herodian sinnes, sinnes of higher tincture: *Hoc est tolerare, non tollere peccata.* Saint *Austine* sayes finely, *Delicta dilecta sunt relinquenda:* Men commonly discard those sins they can best spare, but retain those they love best, and by changing them into better Termes, would turne them from being sinnes, as Pride, that discontented sin, must be counted State; Vanity, Civility; Dissimulation, Courtship; Anger, Courage; Wantonising, a tricke of youth; Swearing, *Genus quoddam sermonis, non peccati*; but take heed, specially of these sinnes, that make a vertue a sinne, and sinne to seeme a vertue.

Multa enim vitia se virtutes esse mentiuntur. A man, saith *Plato*, may doe ill, but to disguise it, or defend it, is to outface Truth. Sinnes property is to worke upon some vice, but to bee proud in that you are not proud, is a Phœnix pride. So to be drunke for com-

pany

pany is a ſinne worſe than ſinne, for other ſinnes move ſhame, but hide it; this diſplayes it. Therefore forced healths at great feaſts is a barbarous faſhion: At *Aſſuerus* feaſt every mans rule was his owne choyce, and the civility of very Pagans commanded liberty of their cups.

It is hard to commit a ſingle ſin, yet of ſinners if either party bee wiſe, both may eſcape.

They cannot want retentives from ſin, that live either amongſt friends or enemies, for friends may not be grieved, enemies may not be provoked.

Be wiſe therefore in good-fellowſhip, no man is ſo wicked as to be addicted to all kind of vices, for betwixt ſome vices there is an Antipathy, nor is any man ſo lewd as not to bee ſometimes in good moods, and diſlike ſome ſinnes: the world were not to live in, if all ſinnes were affected by all men: But certainly great

ſinnes

ſinnes will never bee conquered, if little ſins be cheriſhed : formall penitents will eaſily part with ſo much of their ſinne as may abate nothing of their profit.

There bee alſo a ſort of little deaths, as ſickneſſe of body, loſſe of friends, and the like. Uſe theſe in their kinde, and you may make them kindly helpes to dying well.

Modeſt beginnings have hopefull proceedings, and happy endings ; proceed therefore by degrees : the Prophet *David* went, *ſuſpenſo gradu*, ſtep by ſtep, and ſo *compaſſed Gods Altar*, God himſelfe made nothing abſolute at firſt. This great God loves to have degrees kept.

Degreeingly to grow to greatneſſe is the courſe of the world. Wherfore they ſay in Court, He is out of the danger of folly, whom a ſpeedy advancement leaves wiſe.

Omnis mutatio eſt quædam mortis imitatio. Let a man goe out as he came

came into the world, which was, first by a life of *Vegetation*, then of *Sense*, afterwards of *Reason*.

David prescribes us this order, when he sayes, *Doce me & duce me, Domine*. He will not runne, till he be taught to goe.

Teach me to doe thy will, and leade me, O Lord, into the land.

What land is that? There is *terra quam terimus*; land on earth, which by labour yeelds us all pleasure: that's not it.

There is *terra quam gerimus*, refined earth, beautified bodies which we beare about us, nor is this it.

There is *terra quam quærimus*; the glorious land of Promise, that's the land we seeke. Into this land, *Duce me, Domine*.

For

For the manner of dying.

AMongſt men it is a matter of chiefe marke, the manner of a mans death : *Summum hominis bonum, bonus ex hac vita exitus.*

Before you dye ſet your houſe in order : Hee that hath not a houſe yet hath a ſoule : no ſoule can want affaires to ſet in order, for this finall diſſolution.

The chiefe grace of the Theater is the laſt Sceane. It is the Evening that crownes the day, and wee thinke it no good ſigne of a faire morrow, when the Sunne ſets in a Cloud : *Finis coronat opus.* Yet I perſwade my ſelfe, that night cannot but bee happy, whoſe day hath beene holy.

David in a deepe contemplation upon the manner of mans dying, ingeminates the word, ſaying, *Domine, Domine, exitus Mortis,*

The

The issues of death belong to thee.

Live religiously, and thou shalt dye comfortably.

All men, as men, dye naturally; as Christians should dye religiously. The good man can equally live, or dye; for he knowes if hee live, God will protect him; if he dye, God will receive him.

Bee faithfull unto death, and I will give thee a Crowne of life, saith *Christ.*

Most men with a short Death, because Death is alwayes accompanyed with paine, *Morimur gementes*; To lye but an houre under Death is tedious, but to be dying a whole day wee thinke beyond the strength of humane patience. Happy he that after due preparation, dyes ere he be aware; So is hee happy that by long sicknesse sees Death afarre off; for the one dyes like *Elias*, the other like *Elisha*, both blessedly.

The

The beſt poſture to bee found in when Death comes, is in the exerciſe of our calling, *Preſſe*, ſaith Saint *Paul*, *towards the marke, for the prize of the high calling.*

When thou art heavy unto Death, then ſhew a lively Faith; for at that time a ſtupid patience is worſe than paſſion.

When thou art ſpeechleſſe, uſe that *Silentium loquens*, Teares from thy heart. *Tacuit Petrus, ſed flevit*, and it was counted to him for eloquence; *Nam affectum prodidit*: A teare is but a condenſed pearle, a pearle but a diſſolved teare: At this time turne words into teares, and they will turne pearles. Hee that made the mouth is not taken with words.

A broken and a contrite heart, O Lord, thou wilt not deſpiſe.

When thou art dying, lye ſorrowing for thy ſinnes, yet not deſpairing;

ſpairing; for there is joy in griefe, where the ſorrow is for ſinnes. *I am the man*, ſaith *Jeremy*, *that have ſeene ſorrowes*: But this *Dolor peccati* makes *gaudium doloris*. *There is more joy in heaven for one ſinner that repenteth, then, &c.*

Before thou dyeſt vow thy ſoule to God, *nam qui jubet ut voveas, juvat ut reddas*. Offer ſacrifice upon the Altar of thy heart: If thou haſt not a Lambe, that is, meeknesſe; or a Bullocke, that is, bountifulneſſe; yet a Pygeon, that is, well-wiſhing; or a paire of Turtles, that is, *Gemitus*; a ſound of ſorrow that thou haſt no better. As God loves not empty hands, ſo hee meaſures fulneſſe by the affection.

Thoſe that have moſt ſtudied men and ſtories, doe obſerve that the greateſt men, and beſt wits, when once they come to finde their owne mortality, doe then with ſtrongeſt reſolution quit the world, apply wholly to devotion, and

and ſo end their dayes with moſt quietude in peace.

A good man by his good will would dye praying, and doe as the pilgrim doth, goe on in his way ſinging, and ſo addes the paine of ſinging, to that of going; Yet by this ſurplus of paine, unwearies himſelfe of paine.

But ſome wretches thinke God rather curious, than they faulty, if a few ſighes, with a [Lord have mercy upon us] be not enough at the laſt gaſpe.

Weakneſſe muſt not argue, but yeeld; God hath ſaid it, and they ſhall finde it.

Not every one that ſaith, Lord, Lord, ſhal enter into the kingdome of heaven, but he that doth the will of my Father which is in heaven.

Commonly good men are beſt at laſt, even when they are dying; for they ſeldome dye of a ſinne-ſickneſſe.

The ſickneſſe of the ſoule hath this advantage of the bodies ſickneſſe:

neſſe. It never languiſhes under the Phyſicians hand: when it ſeemes at worſt, then it is beſt : no ſooner ſaith *David*, I am ſicke ; but *Nathan* tels him, Thou art well ; no ſooner ſayes, *I have ſinned*, and muſt dye, but the Prophet tels him, *The Lord hath put away thy ſinne, thou ſhalt not dye*. Thus doth repentance make pardon coetaneous with the fault.

But it is juſt with God that they who live without repentance, ſhould dye without comfort. Woe is him whoſe bed is made in hell.

There is no ſpectacle in the world ſo profitable, or more terrible, than to behold a dying man, to ſtand by, and ſee a man diſmanned. Curiouſly didſt thou make man *in the loweſt part of the earth*, ſaith *David* : but to ſee thoſe elements, which compounded, made the body, to ſee them divided, and the man diſſolved, is a rufull ſight. So dependent is the life of man, that

that it cannot want one element; fire and ayre, these flye upward; water and earth, these sink downward; so living man becomes a dead carkasse. *The breath of man goeth out, he turnes againe to earth, and then all his thoughts perish.* And what is man but for his thoughts?

Every dying man carries heaven and earth wrapt up in his bosome, and at this time each part returnes homeward.

Senecs thought a man might chuse his owne death, which was some ease to him. *Quemadmodum navim eligam navigaturus, & domum habitaturus: Ita mortem utique quâ sum exiturus è vitâ.* But better saith another, *Stultè hæc cogitantur: vitam aliis approbare quisquam debet, mortem verò sibi.*

But since it is so great a matter to dye, so necessary to dye well, so dangerous to dye ill, let your life be an acting of death. That life is well adventured, where it is a gain to lose it.

Certainly

Certainly death hath great dependency on the course of mans life, and life it selfe is as fraile as the body which it animates.

Augustus Cæsar Bonam mortem putabat celerem, & insperatam, quæ nullâ ægritudine pulsârat fores: so often as hee heard of a man that had a quicke passage, with little sense of paine, he wished for himselfe that *Euthanasie*: While he lived he used to set himselfe between his two friends, *Suspiria & Lachrymæ*; when hee dyed he called for his looking-glasse, commanded to have his haire and beard kembed, *Et Malas labentes corrigi*, his riveled cheekes smoothed up: Then asking his friends if hee had acted his part well, *Cùm ita responderint, vos omnes igitur inquit plaudite.*

Alexander the Great did aske the Indian Philosopher how long a man should live; saith he, Until he thinke it better to dye than live: but Saint *Paul* is our best patterne,

who

who being weary of the world, desiring to bee dissolved, cryed out (*voce tamen desiderantis, non desferantis*) *O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver mee from this body of death!*

There be many that chuse rather to dye quickly, than to live long sickly, *Vitam desiderant non longam, sed lætam*, yet better were it for them, *aliquando ægrotare*, than *continuè valere*. For *vitiosa sanitas*, will make them thanke Nature, and forget God.

Some on the other side will invite death to doe them the kindenesse to take them soone out of the world, counting a short death the happiest passage of a mans life. If life come once to be a displeasure, then death comes to doe us a pleasure, and for this (saith *Tully*) a man is most beholding to Nature. *Quòd unum introitum ad vitam dedit, exitus verò multos. Sed non sic itur ad astra.* Christians know better wayes, as how to live in grace,

grace, that they may dye in peace. *In pace ad pacem:* and to whom this grace is given, for them glory is reserved.

O saith a good man, how safe is the condition of Gods children, whom very paine easeth, death revives, sinne glorifies.

Yet there is not the strongest body, nor holiest Saint on earth, but at point of death, is subject to some trepidations and qualmes of feare. For the soule which comes into the body without any sensible pleasure, goes not out of the body without the sense of paine. And it troubles many a good soule to see men of the best lives, to have distempered and perplexed ends; Some raving, some despairing, some dying suddenly, and seldome any have so bitter draughts, as those whom God loves best.

Naturall

Naturall diſtempers.

IT Is fit therefore to take notice of the naturall cauſes. Deſpaire in dying, may as well ariſe from weakneſſe of nature, as from trouble of minde: but by neither of theſe can hee bee prejudiced that hath lived well.

Marke the righteous, and behold the perfect, for the end of that man is peace: His body may bee ſicke, but his minde is ſound, for *God maketh all his bed in his ſickeneſſe*, and in the inſtant of a ſharpe ſeparation his Soule finds it ſelfe happy, for he knowes, *Si durius ſeponitur, melius reponitur*, though it be put off painfully, yet is it laid up joyfully.

Raving, and other ſtrange paſſions, are many times rather the effect of the diſeaſe, than moving

from the mind. For upon deaths approaches, choler fuming to the braine will cauſe diſtempers in the moſt patient ſoule. In theſe caſes the faireſt and trueſt judgement to be made, is, that ſinnes of ſickeneſſe, occaſioned by violence of diſeaſe in a patient man, are but ſinnes of infirmity, and not to be taken as ill ſignes or preſages; *Filius tantarum lachrymarum*, cannot but be ſaved, ſaid the good Matron, when ſhe ſaw her ſonne at worſt: I will not deſpaire in reſpect of that mans impatient dying, whom the worme of conſcience had not devoured living.

Seldome any enter into glory with eaſe: Yet the Jewes ſay of *Moſes*, his ſoule was ſucked out of his mouth with a kiſſe: ſome have their paſſion in death, that is bitter, becauſe it is inward; ſome before death, that is better, becauſe it is outward.

David in this caſe, the better to make

make his way, prayed and cryed, *Lord, ſpare me a little, O ſpare mee that I may recover ſtrength before I goe hence and be no more.*

Indeed to *Ezechias* ſome yeeres of dayes were lent, but wee are not worthy of that favour; we muſt not expect that God will bring backe the ſhadow of degrees when once it is gone downe in the dyall of *Ahaz*; wee muſt time it as wee may, and be content to live and dye at uncertainties.

Therefore as a ſicke man hearkens to the clocke, ſo let us watch death. For ſudden comming of death, finding a weake ſoule unprepared, makes it deſperate, and leaves it miſerable.

What death is to be accounted ſudden.

SUdden death of it ſelfe is not therefore evill, becauſe it is ſudden, but becauſe it may take us away ſuddenly, our ſoules unprepared. The good man never dyes unprepared, becauſe his perſeverance in goodneſſe, is a providence againſt ſudden death.

To a man well prepared, ſudden death is but a quicker paſſage, and is not to bee accounted a ſudden death, but a ſudden departure, becauſe it came not unlookt for.

Though the righteous bee prevented by Death (ſaith the Booke of Wiſedome) yet ſhall he bee at reſt, becauſe hee hath made his peace beforehand. His departure is no miſery, for his hope is full of eternity. *Ezechiel* the Prophet (ſo often ſtiled *Sonne of man*) to him

him God ſayes, *I take away from thee the delight of thine eyes*, (which was his wife) *with a ſtroke ſuddenly*, and *yet thou ſhalt not weepe.*

Let not preſent pleaſures of life allure, nor cares thereof poſſeſſe thee, then cannot ſudden death ſurpriſe thee.

Improviſa nulli Mors, cui provida Vita; But if a man doe not prepare to dye, hee may live ſeven yeeres in a conſumption, and yet dye a ſudden death. For any time is ſudden to him that is unprepared.

They take their marke amiſſe who judge a man by his outward behaviour in his death. If you know the goodneſſe of a mans life, miſ-judge him not by any ſtrangeneſſe of his death.

Though other men can beſt judge of our actions, yet a mans heart can beſt judge of himſelfe. When a man comes to be judged; his life, and not the manner of his death, ſhall give the evidence with,

or againſt him. Many that live wickedly, would ſeeme to dye holily; more for feare to be damned in the opinion of people, than for any love to goodneſſe. To theſe men there is *malum triplex, quod manet in ſeptima.* Which is *Horror in exitu, Dolor in tranſitu, Pudor in conſpectu Dei.* If my life pleaſe God, I am ſure my death ſhall pleaſure mee: Chriſt never leaves any of his at parting. *Eliſha* would not leave *Elijah*, though he put him off twice, becauſe hee knew there was a bleſſing to come when they parted. It is a great happineſſe to dye in eaſe. That mans end is eaſie, whom death finds with a weake body and a ſtrong ſoule. *Quis tàm facilè, quando vult, dormit*, as he that laies down his life in peace? The ayre is commonly calmeſt at noone.

Ariſtotle gives the reaſon; *Quia tunc vincit aut vincitur*: So is it with the ſoule of man at the point of death.

Yet

Yet a good man doth not alwayes dye in exercise of his goodnesse, but as a wise man when hee sleepes, leeseth not his knowledge, no more doth a good man his graces, though he dye in distemper; for habitudes of goodnesse do not then leave him, though they cannot then do their office for him.

But the vulgar opinion, if a man dye quietly, and goe away like a lambe (which in consumptions and dul diseases, most men do) then sure he goes to heaven; but if he be distempered, and of frantick behaviour (which happens to many through extreme inflamations) then sure hee goes to hell; This is a judgement from Nature, and not of Religion, and in this case trust not naturall judgement, for it is arted with subtilties of Physicke: Man workes by likely meanes, God many times by contraries.

Hee that can shut his eyes every

night with a quiet conſcience, ſhal meet with leaſt diſturbances when death ſhall cloſe his eyes at laſt; nor will he care who ſhuts up his earthen eyes, when death it ſelfe opens his ſoules eyes. Then ſhall we ſee more with theſe ſhut eyes, than ever we could doe open eyed: Saint *Paul* was therefore ſtricken blind, that the eyes of his ſpirit might be opened.

Serenity, joy, and peace in a dying man, is a hopefull behaviour: Yet we ſee the cleare ſtarres that are ſo delightfull to behold, bring forth their Rayes by ſparkelings, and dartings, as though they were delivered of their light by travell and hard aſſayes: So good men in their death have great variety of accidents, many languors, many agonies, many iterated endevours, travelling of Death as in a Child-birth, ſorrowes, torments, paines being then deaths Agents; But if the paſſages of the ſoule lye open to God without interpo-

interpoſition of worldly cares, then it peaceably makes egreſſe with a ſweetneſſe, and that without diſturbance.

Natuaall cauſes will have their operations; but it is the God of Nature that commands them, it is his property ſometimes to worke ſupernaturally by nature. Diſpute not with God; give Nature leave to cavill, and we cannot be good Chriſtians.

But truſt to this, Beleeve aright, and live as you beleeve, and you cannot but dye in ſafety. If you would end life quietly, render it up willingly.

Let no contentments of the world, ſo fix you to the world, as to deſire longer life; Prolongation is no pleaſure, but ſo long as it goes well with us, *Sæpè in hoc eſſe, Benè, non diù.* Shortneſſe of life is no unhappineſſe, *Citiùs mori vel tardiùs, ad rem non ſpectat; benè mori aut malè, ad rem ſpectat.*

The booke of wiſdome ſaith, *He*

was ſoone taken away, leſt it ſhould alter his underſtanding, or deceit beguile his ſoule.

In principio mundi, cùm homines viverent in majori ſimplicitate, Deus dedit eis longam vitam; poſtquam creſcebat hominis malitia & temporis abuſus, tunc abbreviavit Deus eorum dies.

Had preſent Death beene evill, or long life good, *Cain* had beene ſlaine, and *Abel* had ſurvived; but death commonly beginnes firſt, where God loves beſt: *His ſoule,* ſaith the ſonne of *Syrach, pleaſed God; therefore haſted hee to take him away.*

Seldome is excellency in any kinde long lived; wee ſee the beſt men live not longeſt: and indeed it were injurious to wiſh that goodneſſe ſhould hinder any one from happineſſe.

The beſt cannot bee happy but by diſſolution, their dying being but a change, going from evill to good; hopes putting in them ſuch

a new life, as they care not to change the old.

The lives of all creatures elſe are loſt to us, ours but changed to God.

If the wicked man live long, it is but to aggravate his judgement; if hee dye ſoone, it is but to haſten it.

One man ſeemes to dye caſually, another violently, both by deſtiny, all men by decree.

Et quem dederat curſum natura, peregi, ſaid the Poet; but the Divine tels us, that *vitæ præſentis finem talem eſſe decet, quale futuræ eſt principium*: Nor is the place materiall where we dye, ſo we dye well.

Moſes dyed upon one hill, *Aaron* upon another hill, but both where they might ſee the land of promiſe; *Felix conſpectus.*

Be as ready to dye as *Moſes* was, when there was no more betweene God and him, but, *Moſes, goe up and dye.* With ſuch a

ſociable

ſociable compellation are good men invited unto death, as to a feaſt.

Nec mihi Mors gravis eſt
poſituro morte labores.
—— Mors mihi merces erit.

All motions tend to reſt.

Returne then to thy Reſt, O my Soule, for God hath dealt bountifully with thee.

Aſſurance of life after death.

FOr reall aſſurance both to our bodies and our ſoules, there are three bodily Inhabitants already gone to heaven.

Enoch before the Law, *Eliah* under the Law, Chriſt under the Goſpell; yet for further aſſurance, *Ipſe dixit*, Chriſt himſelfe hath ſaid it, *Becauſe I live, yee ſhall live alſo.*

alſo. *I am the Reſurrection and the Life. Qui credit in me, etiamſi mortuus fuerit, vivet.* Although my fleſh be eaten with wormes, theſe wormes turned to duſt, blowne through the earth, yet after thou haſt turned all to deſtruction, againe thou ſaiſt, *Come againe yee children of men.*

Hitherto ſhalt thou come, ſaid *Job*, but no further: here ſhall thy proud waves be ſtayed: *Mors uſque ad corpus ſolum pertinget, ultra non progreditur:* It ſtands not with Divinity, nor is it conſonant to Reaſon, that man, for whom all things ſpring, ſhould not have his ſpring and riſe againe. I know whom I have truſted, ſaith Saint *Paul*, and I am aſſured he is able to keepe that which I have committed unto him againſt that day. *And they ſhall bee mine*, ſaith God by the Prophet *Malachy*, *in that day when I make up my Jewels.*

Reſurgam, ſaid good Biſhop *King*; *It is now time to awake, for*

now

now is our ſalvation neerer than when we beleeved: nor will I feare how this body of mine ſhall appeare another day. For I am promiſed by him that will performe, it ſhall not be found naked, but this covering of the fleſh being caſt off, it ſhall be clothed with glory, as with another garment. The children of the Reſurrection dye no more, for they are equall to the Angels.

The word of aſſurance is, *Redemptor meus, My Father and your father*, ſaith the Goſpell: there is great divinity in theſe pronounes, *Meum & tuum*, they are words of aſſurance to mens ſoules, though in mens ſtates they are the ground of all Controverſies. *I know that my Redeemer lives*, but I doe not therefore know this, becauſe I will know it; For the will cannot invade the underſtanding. How then doe I know it? not by opinion, but by faith; *Fides non creditur, ſed cernitur*, things are not ſo, becauſe wee are perſwaded

they

they are ſo; but becauſe they bee ſo, therefore we are ſo perſwaded. The woman with child, knowes ſhee is ſo, when ſhe feeles it ſtirre lively: So the Spirit of God aſſures our ſpirit, when we lively feele his Spirit in us.

Holy *Job* ſaith, *Though after the ſkinne wormes deſtroy the body, yet in my fleſh I ſhall ſee God for my ſelfe, and mine owne eyes ſhall behold him, and not anothers.*

Which numerall Identity gives certainty, that this ſoule of mine imperſonated anew, and ſo inanimating my body againe, ſhall give a new being, and a better being unto both.

That ſoule, the loſt pearle, which to finde, a man would have given all hee had, ſhall there bee found ingraven in a body of gold, whereas here it was poorely ſet in clay.

It doth not yet appeare what we ſhall be, but wee know that when Chriſt ſhall appeare, wee ſhall be like

like him, for we ſhall ſee him as hee is, ſaith Saint *John*. *Come then yee bleſſed of my Father, inherit the kingdome prepared for you; and feare not, little flocke, for it is your Fathers pleaſure to give you the kingdome.*

A man, ſaith *Chryſoſtome*, would dwell in this Contemplation, and be loth to come out of it. Nay, ſaith Saint *Auſtine*, *A man might Age himſelfe in it, and ſooner grow old, than weary.*

The

The fourth generall Diviſion.

IIII.

What our laſt thoughts ſhould be.

VLtimum optimum: Dying words are weightieſt, and make deepeſt impreſſions: yet our laſt thoughts are readieſt to ſpend themſelves upon ſomewhat that we loved beſt while we lived. *Jezabel* at laſt was more taken up with ſeeming faire, than being happy.

Et tunc quoque verſus ad illam, becauſe

becauſe ſhee loved her face more than her ſoule.

The ſoule it ſelfe, when it is entring into glory, breathes divine things: At this time a good mans tongue is in his breaſt, not in his mouth, his words are then ſo pithy and ſo pectorall.

Anatomiſts doe ſay, there are ſtrings in a mans tongue, which goe to his heart; when theſe breake, man ſpeakes his heart: *Vtinam ſaperent & intelligerent, & noviſſima providerent*, ſaid *Moſes*, when hee was dying: Chriſts laſt words in the Bible are, *Surely I come quickely.* Our anſwer is, Amen. Even ſo come Lord Jeſus, &c.

As in greateſt extremities good Phyſicians leave drugges, and miniſter onely Cordials: ſo deale by thy ſoule when death approaches; Lay thee downe and ſleepe in peace, caſt away all worldly cares, entertaine onely thoughts that will animate thy weake

weake body, and refreſh thy thirſtie ſoule, as did that *dew of Hermon* falling upon the *Hill of Sion.*

Man, ſaith *Jeremy*, puts his mouth at laſt to the duſt, if ſo bee there may be hope. But rely not longer on the Phyſician: Earthly meanes were for uſe, they are not for confidence. God cannot bee God, if Nature limit him.

All the while I lived, ſaid a good man, I was going on my journey, *In via*, but not *in patria*; but now that I am dying, I finde my ſelfe neere home, I am come to mount *Sion*; I will not therefore ſit downe on this ſide Jordan, but haſten to the heavenly Jeruſalem; whither when I come, I ſhall there ſee my God face to face, heare my Saviour ſay, *Euge bone ſerve, It is my Fathers will to give thee a Kingdome.*

Is it not enough that my Saviour is gone up to prepare a place for mee, but will hee give mee

mee a Kingdome, and ſhall not I be glad when God ſhall come and fetch mee, to enthrone mee in this Kingdome? *Abſit:* If Chriſt bee gone up to prepare a place for mee, Lord let me be prepared for that place. Now me thinks I heare my ſoule ſay, *Cur non accedis, Domine? Quid moraris?*

I have too long dwelt in this Sepulchre of earth, *Væ mihi, quia prolongatus eſt incolatus meus in terra*, woe is mee that I ſtill remaine in Meſech, and dwell in the tents of Kedar: It is enough Lord, as *Elias* ſaid in the wilderneſſe; Take now away my life, for I am no better than my fathers were. My ſoule thirſteth for thee: when ſhall I come and appeare before thee? Nay, my ſoule is now grown ſo high minded, that ſhee ſaith, *Major ſum, & ad majora genitus, quàm ut mancipium ſim hujus corporis:* Man is not quiet till he be more than man: let his condition here civilly be what it will, it will

will not content him. Bare Philoſophy made ſuch impreſſion in *Socrates*, That *in carcere damnatus egit cum diſcipulis de corpore, tanquam de alio ergaſtulo*, counting the body to bee a worſe priſon to the ſoule, than that priſon was to him.

Plato when hee ſaw one over-indulgent to his bodie by high feeding it, asked what hee meant to make his priſon ſo ſtrong? When you pamper the fleſh, you doe but victuall the enemy.

The body at beſt is but the living Coffin of the ſoule, as the grave is the dead Coffin of the body.

Thus doth Divine Contemplation make us high in thoughts, rich in expectation; Therefore it is but duty in man to know the dignitie of his Soule, which is ſo heavenly ambitious, as it will not let heaven alone, till it may ſee, as it is ſeene.

Gravata eſt anima mea, my bo-

dy

dy is a burthen to my ſoule, It hath had honour enough to have beene ſo long companion with it: wherefore now, as Saint *Hierome* ſaith, *Egredere anima, egredere.*

What doſt thou longer here on earth, O thou my heaven-borne Soule?

The Hermit ſitting on his turfe, ſaid to his ſoule, *Sexagenta annos ſerviviſti Deo, & nunc mori times?* Goe out of this Arke of fleſh, O my ſoule, for I now ſmell the ſavour of reſt. *Celeritas nunc in deſiderio mora eſt.* As Chriſt ſaid to his Diſciples, *Surgite, eamus hinc:* So ſay to thy Soule; *Surge anima de mundo, eamus in cœlum.*

Though my ſoule, as a Bird, for neceſſity ſake hath beene faine to ſtay a while here upon earth, yet willingly would it be ſoaring in the skye; But I finde that *Iſta vita eſt mihi impedimento ad id, propter quod vivitur:* Specially when I heare my Saviour ſay, *Father, I*

will

will that those whom thou hast given mee, be with mee where I am, that they may behold my Glory. Sybilla before Christ, and *Plato* since Christ doe both agree, that the union of mans soule with God, is that true felicity which all Philosophy aymes at. Therefore *Desiderio desideravi ergastuli hujus egressum*, that I may see *facie ad faciem* him whom my soule loveth, and be, Lord, where thou enjoyest thy selfe, and glorified spirits enjoy thee.

Ostende mihi Patrem, & sufficit. Sutely saith Saint *Augustine* in his meditations, *Domine, creasti nos ob te, nusquam erit cor quietum donec pervenerit ad te. Blessed are the dead which dye in the Lord*, saith Saint *John*; *yea, saith the Spirit, they rest from their labours, and their workes follow them.* O thou Source of the Springs of Lebanus, my soule now thirsteth to be with thee; *Desiderio desideravi.*

Entertaine thy last houres with such like thoughts, *Et hæ tibi dabunt*

bunt ad æternitatem iter, & in itinere ſublevabunt. They will Angelize thy body, and Emparadiſe thy ſoule, before thou commeſt into Heaven; yeeld a ſweetneſſe beyond the bitterneſſe of Death.

Certainely, a good Soule thus imploying it ſelfe, *in iſtâ horâ*, will not leave the felicity it ſhall have in ſuch an aſſured tranſmigration from death to life, for all the joyes that life paſt did ever render it.

Good Saint *Auguſtine*, in a high ſpeculation, endevouring to expreſſe this heavenly joy, was aſked by a grave old man, Father *Auguſtine*, *Quid agis?* A man may as well draw in all the ayre in the world with a breath, as expreſſe to the life what thou art now about; not that there is want of words, but want in words to expreſſe it.

As griefes concealed, ſo joyes expreſſed grow greater; wherefore though this ineffable joy cannot bee expreſt, *Quantus, vel qualis*

qualis sit, yet is it *Res generosa conari alta, & mente majora concipere, quàm quæ efficipossint.*

Therefore this we may do, some way sample that, which no way wee can expresse: *In arduis voluisse sat est*, in some things good purposes supply actions.

Like as a Bird that hath beene long encaged, then chants it most merrily, when she gets loose into the open ayre.

Nititur in sylvas quaque redire suas:

Or as a sicke man, that hath wearily tossed and turned himselfe in his bed all the dull night long, is then comforted at the approach of the day breake, when the sunne-beames guild the morning:

Or as a prisoner that feeles his chaines heavy upon him, longs for releasement.

Liberaque à ſerris cuncta futura velit:

So will it bee with thy Soule, when thou ſhalt heare thy Saviour ſay, *I am thy ſalvation: Come unto mee thoſe that are weary and heavy laden, and I will refreſh thee.*

Pœnitentibus & petentibus pertinet Regnum Cœlorum: To them that are weary of this durance, and ſue for deliverance, belongeth the kingdome of heaven.

Wherefore as a wearied traveller that hath paſſed a long journey, though perhaps met with ſome delights by the way, is then gladdeſt when hee comes within kenning of his Countrey;

Natale ſolum dulcedine cunctos ducit.

Even ſo thy ſoule after many yeeres pilgrimage in the wilderneſſe of this wretched world, being

ing come with *Moſes* to Mount Nebo, and beholding the pleaſant land of Canaan from the top of Piſgah, will then laugh for joy, as doth the Horizon to ſee the Sunne comming *as a Bridegroome out of his chamber.*

Dilectus meus deſcendit ad hortum ſuum, ad areolam aromatum.

Of this joy thy dazeled eyes might have ſome glimps, while thou waſt in health; but then it was, as the blind mans viſion in the Goſpell, to whoſe firſt ſight men ſeemed to walke like trees; but in this thy new ſtate thou ſhalt ſee clearely men and Angels ſtand before the Lambes throne, and heare thy ſelfe invited to the Lambes Supper, where *thou ſhalt bee brought into the Wine-cellar, and Love will bee the banner over thee.* It is the beſt eloquence to ſpeake to God in the ſame language hee ſpeakes to us.

Come then, O Shunamite, *ſtay me with Flaggons, and comfort mee with Apples, for I am ſicke of love: Kiſſe me with the kiſſes of thy mouth, for thy love is better than wine; Shew mee, O thou whom my ſoule loveth, where thou feedeſt, where thou lyeſt at noone.*

Thus with *Salomon* in a Canticle, and with *David* in a Pſalme, let be the Raptures of thy Soule, which as in a trance, ſhall bee caught up to heaven, as was *Philip* by the Spirit, or *Ezechiel* by the Angel.

And with an Heroicall alacrity tempered with a gracious humility, give up thy ſoule to God, and bid farewell to the world.

Sing with *Deborah*, *O my ſoule, thou haſt marched valiantly*; and ſay with *David*, *Return now my ſoule unto thy reſt, for the Lord hath rewarded thee.*

Dying S. *Steven* before his eyes were cloſed, had a faciall ſight of his Saviour, *Videbat Deum per eſſentiam*,

sentiam, looked stedfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God. Old *Simeon* after he had seene his Saviour, rejoyced then to say, *Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seene thy salvation.*

Hoc videam, & moriar : Morior, ut videam.

The

THE RAPTURE OF THE SOVLE.

Rapitur Anima, cùm cœlestia contemplatur, & contemplando jucundatur.

This is a kinde of Arreption to heaven; when a man abstracts himselfe from earth, and by Contemplation growes into acquaintance with God, for then hee seemes

seemes to converse with God, and become *divinæ particeps naturæ*, then hee sends foorth strong emanations of Divine love. Those *affectiones extaticæ* are the signals, *Amoris liquidi: liquescit anima eum devotione calescit.* Such love suffers not mee to be a lover of my selfe. *Et quid ipsos nisi* Seraphins *dixerim, quorum cor conversum est in ignem divini amoris?* *Let him kisse me with the kisses of his mouth*; so begins that *Canticum canticorum: & jucundum quidem eloquium, quod ab osculo sumit principium.* This *fruitivus Amor* by Divine Rapture unites mee to God; for in Rapture a man seemes to walke with God, as *Enoch* did; talke with God, as *Moses* did; see God, as *Stephen* did.

And because sight increases delight; Therefore Rapture would faine ascend to vision, *Videre illa, non quæ videntur, sed quæ non videntur.*

But that's a priviledge for S. *Paul*; *Vidi dominum*, ſaith *Jacob*, *facie ad faciem, & ſalva facta eſt anima mea.* Holy *Hierom* ſweares it: *Teſtor Deum, poſt hebdomadarum jejunia viſus ſum mihi verſari inter agmina angelorum*, to have private converſation with quiers of Angels; *Raptus eſt ſupremus gradus contemplationis*, ſaith Saint *Auguſtine*, which raiſes in man towring thoughts, irradiates his ſoule with high apprehenſions; and ſo elevates him to God, as it takes him out of himſelfe, to live above himſelfe. *Neſcio in quam dulcedinem duces me, Domine*, ſaid he in his Rapture.

The Soule being thus powerfully attracted by the inducements of ſo faire and Divine delights, Shee on her part correſponds, and with a willing aſſent glides after theſe attracts, and as a vapour exhal'd by the Sunne,

Sunne, ſhee goes out of her ſelfe, and would willingly draw the body with her, but that ſubſtance is too ſad; wherefore ſhee quits it as not agill, nor ſprightfull enough to ſoare ſo high; *O that my Soule had wings as a Dove, that I might flye, and be at reſt*, ſaith *David*.

It is an admirable thing to conſider that the eie of a man ſo weak, ſo tender a peece, ſhould looke up every day to heaven, ſo wonderfull in height, and yet never be tyred by the way: by this I ſee that heavenly Contemplation, (which is the beſt Opticke) if it bee ſtrong enough, and not overclog'd with earthy thoughts, is able to carry us with eaſe to heavenly extaſie.

The will takes pleaſure to perceive the underſtanding (which is the Soules King) taken into Rapture; and when the faculties

both of will and underſtanding doe intercommunicate their raviſhments, then are wee ſweetly brought into divine extaſie.

Of this ſacred extaſie the Seraphicall Divines make three ſorts; one of underſtanding, a ſecond of affection, a third of action.

Action is added, becauſe a man is not to bee above himſelfe in contemplation, and under himſelfe in converſation. The firſt of the three is, in *ſplendore*; the ſecond, *in fervore*; the third, *in labore*; the one cauſed by admiration; the other by devotion, the laſt by operation.

In theſe raptures, the Fathers, who were ſtiled Saints, had ſuch a complacency, as they ſtrove to act this as the way of a new life, ſometimes before their death, inſomuch as the votaries would ſay, *Never was a Saint*, but had extaſies,

extaſies, and raviſhment of life before his death; they laboured by a liqueſaction of their ſoules into God, to inſoule themſelves in God, to put themſelves out of the naturall comportment of the body, and ſo to live in Divine extaſie without living in the body.

This made Saint *Paul* to ſay, *I knew a man in Chriſt fourteene yeeres agoe, whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell.*

Some ſo lived, as it were doubted whether they were living men dead, or dead men living. Nay, ſome with fervency of ſpirit were tranſported into ſuch extaſie, that their ſoules being wholly converſant in Divine contemplation, they cared not to afford common aſſiſtance to nature, and ſo have dyed through exinanition and want of ſtrength, conceiving there was no uſe of any creature to them, that enjoyed the Creator.

Thus

Thus did love performe the office of death; *Love is as ſtrong as death*, ſaith *Salomon*; nay, with them it wrought more than death could doe: for death onely performeth by effect, that which love operateth by affection; death did but ſeparate their bodies from their ſoules; but love ſeparated their ſoules from their bodies living.

In ſuch a trance they report Saint *Baſil* to ſay, *That* Jacob, *when hee had faſt hold on God, let him goe for a bleſſing*: but the *Shunamite*, *My ſoule will not let thee goe ſo*; For ſhe now ſeekes no more Benedictions of God, but to enjoy the God of Benedictions.

S. *Hierome* to ſay; *O my Saviour, diddeſt thou dye of love for mee? A love more dolorous than death, but to mee a death more lovely than love it ſelfe! I cannot live, love thee, and be longer from thee.*

When

When *Severinus* the Indian Saint was recovering from dying, it is reported hee was heard to ſay, *O my God, doe not for pitty, ſo over-joy mee; if I muſt ſtill live and have ſuch conſolations, take mee to heaven. For hee that hath once taſted this and thy ſweetneſſe, muſt neceſſarily live afterwards in bitterneſſe.*

This is the ſtate of loves life in God, which giveth a ſuper-humane being unto man, man being yet on earth.

This ardent love engrafting me into God by her uniting vertue, makes mee now to ſay, *Vivo ego, ſed non ego, vivit verò in me Chriſtus. My life is hid in Chriſt with God.* And now me thinkes I ſee him face to face, *Viſione illa beatificâ, & jugiter revelatâ facie, Sponſæ gloriam ſpeculando, transformatur anima de claritate in claritatem: Audet & ipſa loqui,*

Tota

Tota pulchra es amica mea.

Who is this that commeth from Edom, with red garments from Bozrah. I now behold the day spring from on high come to visit mee. Say then to the North, Give; and to the South, Restore; And so come Lord Jesus, come quickly.

MORTIS

MORTIS EPILOGUS.

QVoniam mors me quotidiè expectat, ego mortem quotidiè expectabo.

But before thou goest hence, consider well these foure things:

1 *Unde venis.*
2 *Quò vadis.*
3 *Quid es.*
4 *Quid eris.*

Upon enquiry *undè venio*, I am told, *Peccatores peccatorem me in peccato genuerunt.*

Miseri

Miseri miserum me in hanc lucis miseriam induxerunt.

Conceptus culpa, Nasci miseria, Vivere pœna, mors angustia; Et quantò est vita mea longior, tantò est culpa mea numerosior.

This makes me thinke,

Quorsum commodata est mihi vita humana?

For this onely,

Ad comparandam vitam cœlestem:
Et hoc vult divina clementia,
Quòd vita mea sit brevior,
Ut labor meus sit levior.

For my *Quò vado.*

IT is lifes *Poſte, Vadere,* to fade and decay.
Vado tels me, I am *in tranſitu,*
But it rejoyceth me to thinke,
Eo ad Patres.
And this hope comforts,
Sepelieris in ætate bonâ.
Therefore *nec me tædet vivere, nec timeo mori:*
Mihi enim mors ſervit in ſolatium vitæ,
Vitam habeo in patientiâ,
Mortem verò in deſiderio.
Plangam ergo paulatim dolorem meum,
Et tunc
Oblitus exilii, ibo ad patriam:
Nam
Mortuâ morte revertitur mihi vita.

To

To expresse, *Quid sum.*

QVis fando explicare queat?

Pulvis & Aer, this I know;

Et in pulverem reverteris. This is sure.

That *homo* is *morbidum, putre, cassum:*
Et in non hominem vertitur omnis homo.

This

This every man findes.

Our mettall is, *de humore liquido*,
And the mould no better, *In utero impuro*.
Damnatus antequàm natus, that's our condition.
Our best Stocke is, *Semen Abrahæ*;
Dicens putredini; *Thou art my Mother*,
And to the Wormes, *You are my Brethren*.

Here is our great kindred.

Our dwelling is, *Inter pulices & culices*, amongst Flyes and Fleas.
Our quality vile, our weight lighter than vanity, our worth nothing.
What then is our being?
Somnium & dolor.

If

If ſo,

Si natus ſum plorans,
Si morior plangens,
Nolo ego vivere ridens:
Hoc tantum volo,
Animam meam ornare quæ Deo & Angelis
Mox præſentanda eſt in cœlis.

Now for *Quid eris.*

This alſo I know,

Quod ſum, & me non eſſe ſcio.
Sed id eſſe & noſſe deſidero.
Nam videre Deum, vivere cum Deo,
Eſſe in Deo, & habere Deum,
Hoc eſt æterna ſecuritas, & ſecura æternitas.
This may be admired, hardly underſtood:
Yet better underſtood, than can be expreſſed.
Therefore to my ſoule I ſay not,
O Animula, blandula, vagula: but,

O Anima Dei insignita imagine,
Decorata similitudine,
Desponsata Fide,
Redempta Sanguine,
Dotata Spiritu,
Deputata cum Angelis,
Quid tibi cum Carne?

But to contemplate,

Quanta claritas, quanta suavitas, quanta jucunditas maneat me in illa visione, cùm facie ad faciem videbo Christum?

FINIS.